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LOVE.

BY ALICE CARY.

No delights are delightful
But only love gives,
And there is no sweet, sweet country
But our where he lives.

Often with tender frowning
He comes to us for peace—
So morning seeks the kiss of th' sun
With her virgin shy, half face!

Pillows downy with brownies
Of sweets are not so fit
As my lowly feet of moss
That love will agree to share.

He, now, under palace windows
His pipe for a queen doth play,
And now for a village maid he tells
A shepherd all the day.

Prithi, poor little flowers, wroll
I could gather you out of the dew,
For th' wind and th' rain are furious,
And nothing but love is true.

Dusty, doubtful, red-faced rose,
Lily that never spun,
What lives you would live, what joy you would give
If love could be your son.

THE HUNTED LIFE.

A STORY OF STARTLING ADVENTURE IN THE FAR WEST.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP.

INTRODUCTION.

When I had heard Maurice Garland's story, I told him that he must write it down, and have it printed. There was something in its strangeness and singularity a spice of mystery in its adventure, and such touching devotion in its scenes of love and friendship—that I knew the writing of the story would be an entertaining one.

"But," said Garland, throwing his cigar away with nervous movement, "you know I can't write. That is—I can't write such a thing as you would have me write. I can write a letter, and I can write a general order; but I shouldn't dare to attempt a story,—no, no."

"Write it just as you have told it to me," I replied.

"Ah, that's easier said than done," returned my friend. He lighted a fresh cigar, and leaning back in a few whiffs, he looked up with a new idea beaming upon his face.

"Look's, Colonel, you can write. Now, if you're so anxious to have my story printed, you write it out, and give it to the publisher. You have my free consent."

"But," said I, "it might not sound so well second-handed."

"Then," added the captain, "write it first-handed. Write it just as though I was writing it myself. You can do that very nicely, I shall be here while you are at work, and whenever you get stuck I can help you out."

"In short," I suggested, "you are to tell the story, and I am to be your amanuensis."

"No,—not exactly so; for I shan't attempt to dictate. I will rather be my Reverie."

We smoked our cigars; and before we went to bed I had consented to write the story. And so, dear readers, I give you Captain Maurice Garland's history of a Thirteen Live, with its attendant adventurers, as though it came from his own lips.

CHAPTER I.

A SHADOW AT NIGHT.

I am not going to give you a history of my life; so, touching my earlier years, I need only say that I was born of good, kind, generous parents, very near to the city of New York. My father was a merchant—an intelligent, ingenious, industrious man; who laid up some property, and gained some celebrity as a prominent and efficient officer in one of the civic regiments of our volunteer militia. He died when I was eighteen; and my mother followed him to the land of shades before I reached my majority. So I was left an orphan, without brother or sister, to make my way in life as best I could. But, thanks to my father's prudent foresight, I was strongly on the road to preferment. His martial spirit had led him to seek for me a place in the military academy, and I graduated with much credit shortly after my mother's death.

It is not a very pleasant thing to lose one's parents; but still the bitterest afflictions of life may be endured, and when we have gone our pro-pose, if we have the will to struggle above them and reach forth after new things in the path of duty. The loss of my parents threw me back upon myself, and I took up the burden, determined to bear it bravely and honorably.

At the age of twenty-eight I came back to the scenes of my youth a stout, strong man. I had seen some service; had been in battle many times; had met the enemy without flinching; had stood where the bullets fell around me like hail; had gained honorable, flattering mention in the reports of my general officers; and now came home, a captain and a hero, to spend a few days with my friends, before I should start for the far-off forest fields. I came to no city once—once whom I loved—whom I had loved from earliest youth.

Let me tell you of Edith Duncan. She was younger than I—some four years,—but we had been playmates together—had been associates in youth—and in later years we had still been one. She was a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl; fair and beautiful; with soft-brown, curling hair; with features moulded to the reflection of every gentle grace; and with a form as faultless as ever grew beneath the hands of a sculptor. When I went away her father was living, a wealthy, thriving merchant; but when I came back her father was dead, and she and her mother resided in a little way up the Hudson, in a sequestered villa, where fruits and shrubs and vines grew in luxuriant abundance, and from the broad reaches of which the noble river opened brightly to

[ENTERED ACCORDING TO ACT OF CONGRESS, IN THE YEAR 1861, BY ROBERT BONNER, IN THE CLERK'S OFFICE OF THE DISTRICT COURT FOR THE SOUTHERN DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.]

THE RIVALS.

view with its sparkling wavelets and teeming life of canvas and oar.

I was happy when I stepped on board the steamer, and I was happy when I came in sight of the quiet villa—happy with the flush of hope and of promise; but when I had gained the landing, and turned my steps up the winding footpath, a shadow fell upon me. It came as comes the shadow from a cloud that sweeps over the sun, and a chill came with it. Why was this? Only the rebounding of my own eagerness. I laughed away the fear which came very quickly, and hurried on. At the door I rang the bell, and a servant answered the summons. I was shown into the parlor, and in a little while Edith came. O, how beautiful she was! A woman in grace and loveliness, and still a girl in gentle simplicity. There was an expression of sadness upon her face, and her sweet smile was fleeting and subdued. But this did not surprise me, for she was mourning in deep mourning, and I remembered that she had lost her father. She met me kindly—yes, fondly—and clung to my hand, and gazed up into my face, with the old look of affection and love. I was tempted to fold her to my bosom, but I restrained myself, and only kissed her gently upon her fair, open brow—kissed her and blessed her as the same time.

Of course I said nothing of our love on that first interview. A sense of propriety held my tongue in that direction, but not my heart. She asked me concerning my adventures in battle, and I told her the story of some of the most startling encounters. She listened with deepest interest, and she quick pulse upon her throat when I told of my great dangers revealed very plainly the love she felt for me. In return she told me of her own life since I had been gone; and time passed away an hour, at the end of which time her mother came in.

Mrs. Duncan was a small woman, and yet of a stately presence,—small in frame, but possessing one of those large, well-shaped heads which a keen full of electric force and quiet, determined vigor. She greeted me kindly—greeted me like a mother; and was glad, very glad to see me safe and well. She told me that she had heard of my brave conduct in the public prints, and that she had been proud of me. She was honored and respected me. She, too, was in deep mourning, and seemed, at times, sad and melancholy.

By and by I was alone, and walked out into the garden. It was in the bidding and blossoming season of Spring; a soft, warm day; with the fragrance of a thousand flowers filling the air; the fresh, green foliage whispering to the gentle breezes; and the birds in the trees making music mellow and sweet. As another time I might have enjoyed all this, and felt the happy seasons of boyhood days; but now I found little pleasure in it. The cloud, which came upon me as I stepped upon the landing, came upon, more darkly and heavily, as I could not be that. If the thought came to me that Edith did not love me, it was banished in a moment; for her look, her tone, her tearful eye, all revealed the depth of her affection. And yet, there was a shadow there. I could only bolster myself by my reflections; so I tried to banish them, and to give the time to the joy which my position was kept upon my own adventures; and as I had told her of my battles, talking from my honors deeply interested, the time slipped away without any new development to trouble me.

In the evening Edith did not join me. What did this mean? I sat in the parlor, all alone, long after the servant had brought candles in; the cloud came darker and darker. I had opened a book, and thrown it down, for the twentieth time, when Mrs. Duncan came in. She took a seat close by me, and made some passing remark about my being left alone so long. She tried to speak easily, but the effort was of no avail. I saw that she was troubled; and I knew that she could not long keep up the exercising look, I resolved to help her. If there was trouble, I would share in it. If evil things were in the wind, I wished to host them at once. I drew my chair close to hers, and took her hand.

"Mrs. Duncan," I said, speaking frankly, if not calmly, "there is something wrong. You have something to tell me. It is not so?"

"Yes," she answered.

"Then," I continued, "let it be told at once."

She withdrew her hand, and gazed down upon the floor. She did not seem troubled, but seemed rather to be framing her speech for the most direct result. Finally she looked up, and gave me her hand again. This simple movement conveyed to me more evidence of her love and esteem than any amount of words could have done.

"Maurice," she said, with a slight tremulousness in her voice; but with a depth of tone which told how firm she was, "I know that you must have noticed a strangeness in our manner towards you, and I have thought it proper that you should understand the whole matter at once. I need not attempts any preparation of your mind for the intelligence I have to communicate, further than to beg that you will spare me any reproach, and bear up as bravely as you can. I know that you have loved my child, and that she has loved you; and I know, furthermore, that before you went away, your troth had been plighted. You will remember that conversation, and the circumstances attending it. My husband was absent in Europe on business. I did not object; I did not suppose I could prevent you that I smiled upon your love, and approved them. Edith did not consult me. She was not to be married for years, and her father's consent could be obtained by letter. Was it not so?"

I inclined my head in token of assent, but said no word.

"It was so," resumed Mrs. Duncan; "and now I must tell you what you do not yet know. When my husband came home, and we spoke to him of Edith's love for you, he shook his head, and said that it could not be. And then he revealed to us a plan of his own. Do you remember that he once had a partner in business named Vandorf?"

"I remembered.

"And do you remember that Mr. Vandorf had a son named Hector?"

"I remembered that, too.

"Well, my husband told us that between him and Mr. Vandorf there had been an arrangement that a union between their children should be a marriage. They had done business together for many years, and some permanent investments had been made to that end. Hector had gone to Europe to travel, partly for his health, and partly to gather information to help him in future business. Edith begged and implored, but to no effect. I reasoned with him, but I might as well have talked to a child, as I revealed the depth of her affection. And you, Maurice, must excuse me, if I could only bolster myself by my reflections; so I tried to banish them, and to give the time to the joy which my position was kept upon my own adventures; and as I told her of my battles, talking from my honors deeply interested, the time slipped away without any new development to trouble me.

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old friend, whom I am soon to follow to the land of spirits, I owe it that the consummation shall not be set aside by any act of mine. And you, my child, I will not force you into a union against your will. It is my wish that you should marry Sarah Hester. I will not command it, for the very command might tend to make the match repugnant to you. Still, I have a requirement to lay upon you: *While Hester lives you shall marry no one else!*"

"I need not tell you, Maurice, what more he said. This was the sum of it all; and with this command unrealled he died. In a few months thereafter Hector returned from Europe, and came to see us. He has pressed his suit; but not yet has Edith consented to marry him. She cannot love him, and she has freely told him so. In short, to tell you the truth, she has confessed to him that her heart had been given to you. She has told him that, while the man lived whom she really and devotedly loved, she could not so violate every law of her soul as to marry with another. And still we will not be satisfied with this answer."

Mrs. Duncan paused, but I had no reply to make. Directly she added:

"I have thus told you the whole story; and, however much it may pain you, I trust that you will not too harshly condemn the action of my husband. Remember that this had been a cherished plan with him, and he pledge had been given——"

"But," I cried, breaking the spell that had bound my tongue, "how could a true parent exact such a pledge without first consulting the wishes of the child, whose whole weal or woe of life was to be fixed thereby?"

"My dear Maurice," returned Mrs. Duncan, with a look and tone of such calm, quiet resolve that I shrank immediately from the disproof that I shrank immediately from the disproof that I shrank immediately from the disproof

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Edith saw him at the same time, and, under the impulse of the moment, she uttered a quick, low cry of alarm, and grasped me by the arm as though for protection. But not then could I consult precisely, and arose to her feet.

"Mr. Vandorf," she said, with some fluttering in her tone, but gaining steadiness as she proceeded, "this visit was unexpected."

He looked at her with a burning light in his eye; and then he looked at me.

"Edith, you are wanted at the house." He spoke very coolly; and, but for that look of the eye, one might have thought that he had only come to deliver an ordinary message. "You need not remain," he added, as he saw her hesitate. "I think I need no introduction to this gentleman." If I am not mistaken, this is Captain Maurice Garland."

This last remark was addressed to me, and I nodded affirmatively.

"Go," he resumed, turning again to Edith, at the same time waving his hand towards the house. "Go, and leave me to entertain your company. I should like to speak with Captain Garland."

Edith cast one imploring look into my face, the meaning of which I did not then understand, and then she left us; and when she was gone I turned towards the intruder.

Hector Vandorf I had known when he was a youth of fifteen, though, as our lots had been cast in different paths, I was never intimate with him. He had not seen him, until now, for five years; so he had grown to be a man of thirty. I think I should have known him had I met him anywhere, for he was not a person easily to be forgotten. He was tall and muscular, but not well laitured in frame. His shoulders were too heavy, and his arms too long. His hair was black as night; and his eyes, of the same color, large and restless. The nose was long and thin, and bent much like the beak of a hawk; but the upper lip rather short; the under lip thin and bloodless; the chin small and narrow. His complexion was dark and sallow and unhealthy; and when he was suddenly moved by any strong feeling his skin did not become flushed with hot blood, but became spotted, like a serpent's skin, with large patches of a yellow, bilious hue. His teeth was long, and as his voice was not turned low down, his throat was left bare. He wore no beard, but his hair, which seemed not very little from being straight, was very long, and swept back of his ears.

Such was Hector Vandorf, and as I gazed into and studied his physiognomy I distinctly remembered when Edith had said, the impression was by no means a pleasant one, that a full minute after the lady had gone we stood and regarded each other in silence. He was the first to break the spell.

"Maurice Garland," he said, bending those great black eyes upon me with the same look I made me uneasy, "I am glad that we are met. I heard last night that you were here, and I came to see Edith Duncan?"

He put it in the form of a question, and I answered him, yes.

"You have, in times past, thought of making her your wife?"

I said that was coming directly to the point; and as that suited me, I answered him, plainly:

"I come here, sir, at this time, expecting to find her there to give me her promise to be my wife already given me her heart."

"We must say nothing of her heart now," said Vandorf. His eyes were afire; his lips were closed; and the sallow spots upon his face his cheeks; but the emotion quickly passed, and he was calm again.

"You have seen the lady, and you have talked with her," he resumed; "and perhaps she has told you how matters stood touching the subject of her marriage. Has she told you this?"

"I know it all, sir."

"Ah—I am glad of that, for now I can come directly to the point. There is no need of many words between us, for I only speak what you do not like you; and I know that you cannot, after what has happened, like me. You, for, I think, we understand each other."

Had another spoken that, I might have deemed it the light of manly frankness; but such was not the spirit which seemed to actuate him. It was rather the spirit of morbid hatred, as was evident from the deadly look of the eye upon me as he spoke. However, I assented to the proposition; and I did it readily, too; for it was a stern truth.

"Edith Duncan is to be my wife," he said, without one pause after my reply. "As her are the bonds of a solemn pledge can go, she is already mine."

"She has given no pledge," I interposed.

"No," he said; "not her father did, and his pledge is good and sufficient to the binding force of the obligation. Edith willingly submits to it solely on your account. Perhaps you understand this. Perhaps you know why she refuses to be my wife."

I shook I do, I replied.

"It matters not what you think. What do you know?"

"I know then much," I said, impulsively: "I know that Edith does not love you."

"That is a negative proposition. I want something positive."

"Well," I added, "here it is: Edith loves me!"

"And," said Vandorf, with icy calmness, "she feels that love when she gave you years ago rest upon her vow."

"Upon her heart, you."

"And, during time, she hesitates in obeying her father's command. Were she not bound to you, she would marry me at once."

I told him I could not answer that.

"But I can," he added, placing his foot upon the ground. "I can answer it, sir. She will not marry me because you are in the way. Do you doubt that?"

"No. You are right."

"Then, sir, the point is reached, and but little more need to add." He spoke slowly, and with deep emphasis. "It is very plain that Edith Garland cannot marry us in love, while I live; and it is evident that she will not marry with me while you hold her to the pledge she once gave you. So, sir, I ask you to release her."

"How shall I do that?" I asked him.

He simply renouncing all claim to her love, and informing her that at the return to the world sooner than hence of simple friendship, are at an end. If you will do this, her thoughts will be turned into a new channel, and she will soon yield to her father's wishes. Will you do this?"

I told him that I could not.

"Consider," he said, "how the matter stands. You have nothing to lose—I have everything to gain."

"Nothing to lose?" I cried. "*And is the love of Edith nothing?*"

"It is worse than nothing to you," he said, quickly. "You cannot possess her; so your love can only be a source of agony. Will you do as I have said?"

"No!" I answered.

"Once more, Maurice Garland—once more, in all candor and frankness—will you renounce the claim which you hold upon Edith Duncan's love?"

"Never!" I replied.

The serpent spots came upon his face; his thin lips were tightly compressed; and his deep eyes burned with startling intensity.

"You stand between me and Edith?" he whispered.

"I cannot help it," I said.

"*You* can! You can help it!"

I rubbed my hand to and fro him; but I did not. He must have noticed the movement, for his own hands were clinched, and like fangs grew more dreadful in its mouthed deformity.

"If you say you cannot help it, I will prove it," you speak a lie; and a lie you are, base and cowardly!"

If some kind spirit could have dropped down from the sky, and taken me from the spot at that moment, and given me four-and-twenty hours for reflection, I might have refused to touch at all. But no such spirit came, and I was left to the control of an indignation which burned through my veins like fire. With one blow I felled Hector Vandorf to the ground, and overturned and walked away. I had not gone far before I was sorry for what I had done. I did not do it designedly, and I felt ashamed of my own great; but I felt that it would have been better had I controlled myself and turned from him in silence as one beneath my notice. However, it was too late to undo what was done, and with a quite natural in such cases, I accused myself for my rashness. I was in a fit mood to return to the house, so I turned my steps towards the river; and I think I should have gone away upon the next boat had not Edith met me in the path. She sought me, and I asked her what had happened.

"You have been excited," she said, gazing eagerly up into my face. "Have you had an interview with Hector? I saw he had injured ungentlemanly towards you."

"You know him well, then?" I remarked, quietly.

"Yes," she replied, "I know how harsh and severe he can be. But what is it? What has he said to displease you?"

I told her all, save the last scene. There was no use in telling her that, for it would only distress her, and when I had concluded, she said:

"Harry, you must not go. You must stay with you."

"So he was," I returned. "But," I added, taking her hand again, "did I do wrong in resenting his insulting and ungentlemanly demeanor?"

She thought a moment, and then told me thus I did not. We talked awhile upon the subject, and could but sympathize with each other. It was a painful restraint upon us, and our very lips were made unnaturally.

Would I return to the house with her?

Of course I would—I must—I would.

Yes.

I told her I could not go. It was better that I should not.

Edith gazed up into my face, and was frank enough to tell me that she felt the same. Under the circumstances she would rather I should not go to the house with her.

But you will not go far away," she said. "You will come again to-day? I will see my aunt, I ask this; and you I must ask it. I must see you. I will write you a note when I am ready."

I told her I would come again.

"And you will come as a friend?"

I knew that meant that my prayerful look, and I answered her softly and kindly. I took her hand to my lips, and pressed it with tenderest affection. I would come again, and she need have no fear that I would be unmanly.

She blessed me with tears in her eyes, and so we parted. She went to the house, and I walked down to the landing. I was two hours upon the margin of the river, and in that time I had succumbed in somewhat subduing my spirit, and gaining a better control over my feelings.

CHAPTER III.

A FRIEND IN NEED.

A little way up the river—some three miles—was the village where I had left my carriage and my boyhood life, and I finally resolved to go there and get a fit of clothes. I was not sure that I would not visit for a boat. I preferred to walk, for the exercise was necessary to me. By time I had reached the village, I had become so far the master of my mind as to resolve that I never have misstated that anything was wrong with me. I had been in a fit mood and acted a drunkine, and while they were preparing it I sat down in the reading-room, and took up a newspaper. My eye happened to glance upon a report of a battle in which I had been engaged, and I at once became interested. I had not my own name mentioned in the most flattering terms, and I felt free to confess that I was gratified me. I was thus engaged when I became aware that some one was standing at my right side, and presently a hand was laid upon my shoulder.

"Maurice, is this you?"

I looked up and beheld a genial-faced man, not far from my own age. At first the bewilderment of a blank board which had come over cheeks and chin blinded me, but the sparkle of his eye and his frank smile soon let me see that his finely-cut mouth, quickly brought him to my remembrance. It was Tom Hazen, who belonged away up in New Hampshire, where I became acquainted with the family physician of White Mountain rambles, and subsequent sickness and accident created a strong and abiding friendship between us. In all the country I knew know of a man whom I would rather have seen at that moment. He not only happened to me like the smiles and joy of a healthy, happy ori-gentleman, but his presence was associated with the atmosphere of his own mountain home, which was the very thing I most needed to see and breathe.

"My dear Dick," I cried, starting up and seizing his hand, "I am glad to see you. I am very glad."

We shook each other a long while by the hand, and then we sat down to talk. Tom said breakfast was ready he took in and took a cup of coffee with me, and then we sat down and began getting along since he had seen me last. His father was dead, and he was practicing now in the hands of himself and a younger brother. He was doing a fine intelligence, but not surprised, for Mr. Thorn had been dying when I was last at his house; and when I bade him farewell, he told me that I would prophesy to see him again on earth. He was a good man, and I suppose not so far from God as I was.

"I wish," said Dick, "that you could go with me. Upon my word, I would not be my joy conchair."

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"Out West," he replied.

"On business?"

"No. I'm sure down with business already. For three years I have had my boats to business, without allowing myself hardly the time for sleep, and now I am off for recreation. I tried hunting and fishing at home, but it was of no use. It was too near to my business. So I resolved to start off. You remember John Hood—quiet, original John?"

Yes, I remembered him very well. We had rambled through the woods, and up and down the mountains together once a day, John Head and I. Surely I had not forgotten him.

John is with me," pursued Dick. "He went down on a farm until I returned, but will be up to-night. We are going first to Saint Louis, then to Kansas, and so push right off upon the hunting ground, through the wilderness and over the prairie. We are in for our sport, O, I wish you could go!"

Dick could have been more opportune? Was not this exactly what I needed? I had six months before me, and I had no object in engaging the morning I had been wondering how I should spend it. I could not return to the section, of course. I sat down, and folded my arms upon the table, and my head upon them. I had promised Dick that I would go with him. I was delighted, and fairly leaped with joy all. But no such spirit came, and I was left to the control of an indignation which burned through my veins like fire. With one blow I felled Hector Vandorf to the ground, and overturned and walked away. I had not gone far before I was sorry for what I had done. I did not designedly, and I felt ashamed of my own great; but I felt that it would have been better had I controlled myself and turned from him in silence as one beneath my notice. However, it was too late to undo what was done, and with a quite natural in such cases, I accused myself for my rashness. I was in a fit mood to return to the house, so I turned my steps towards the river; and I think I should have gone away upon the next boat had not Edith met me in the path. She sought me, and I asked her what had happened.

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A little way up the river—some three miles—was the village where I had left my carriage and my boyhood life, and I finally resolved to go there and get a fit of clothes. I was not sure that I would not visit for a boat. I preferred to walk, for the exercise was necessary to me. By time I had reached the village, I had become so far the master of my mind as to resolve that I never have misstated that anything was wrong with me. I had been in a fit mood and acted a drunkine, and while they were preparing it I sat down in the reading-room, and took up a newspaper. My eye happened to glance upon a report of a battle in which I had been engaged, and I at once became interested. I had not my own name mentioned in the most flattering terms, and I felt free to confess that I was gratified me. I was thus engaged when I became aware that some one was standing at my right side, and presently a hand was laid upon my shoulder.

"Maurice, is this you?"

I looked up and beheld a genial-faced man, not far from my own age. At first the bewilderment of a blank board which had come over cheeks and chin blinded me, but the sparkle of his eye and his frank smile soon let me see that his finely-cut mouth, quickly brought him to my remembrance. It was Tom Hazen, who belonged away up in New Hampshire, where I became acquainted with the family physician of White Mountain rambles, and subsequent sickness and accident created a strong and abiding friendship between us. In all the country I knew know of a man whom I would rather have seen at that moment. He not only happened to me like the smiles and joy of a healthy, happy ori-gentleman, but his presence was associated with the atmosphere of his own mountain home, which was the very thing I most needed to see and breathe.

"My dear Dick," I cried, starting up and seizing his hand, "I am glad to see you. I am very glad."

We shook each other a long while by the hand, and then we sat down to talk. Tom said breakfast was ready he took in and took a cup of coffee with me, and then we sat down and began getting along since he had seen me last. His father was dead, and he was practicing now in the hands of himself and a younger brother. He was doing a fine intelligence, but not surprised, for Mr. Thorn had been dying when I was last at his house; and when I bade him farewell, he told me that I would prophesy to see him again on earth. He was a good man, and I suppose not so far from God as I was.

"I wish," said Dick, "that you could go with me. Upon my word, I would not be my joy conchair."

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"Out West," he replied.

"On business?"

"No. I'm worn down with business already. For three years I have had my boats to business, without allowing myself hardly the time for sleep, and now I am off for recreation. I tried hunting and fishing at home, but it was of no use. It was too near to my business. So I resolved to start off. You remember John Head

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

THE HEART.

BY TAMAH ANNE KERMODE.

The hidden workings of the heart,
Great God, are only known to thee!
Thou knowest its weakness and its power,
Thou knowest its sin and misery!
Lord, in temptation's trying hour,
May it a refuge find in thee!

Calm its impatience and its fear,
When ill it thinks to grief's and strife;
And though it wander from thy ways,
Yet when it turns to thee again,
Receive anew its prayers and praises,
And soothe its weariness and pain.

Remove its foolish, sinful ties from
From sin and sorrow set it free;
Fill its wild, raging passions with
And let it humbly worship thee.
Give it thy blessed, holy peace,
And make it taint through all eternity.

MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCES.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Our three farms were near together. Mine was a small one; and Deacon Perkins's was a small one; but that belonging to Mr. Pownal was a large one, and lay between them. Mr. Pownal was a lawyer in Stockbridge, and resided there, only occupying his farm as a summer residence. As soon as he had made up his mind to this effect, he set about making arrangements for the care of his farm during his absence. He meant to take his whole family with him—and, as his wife's property, he decided to shut up his house. He called upon the deacon and myself, and, at his own request, gave us the following arrangement we made: We—that is, the deacon and I—were to do all the ploughing and sowing, and the harvest therefrom was to be ours. We were to feed our cattle on his hay and grain, and put it into his own barn; and also to take care of his cattle. His sheep—and he had a large flock—were to be shorn, and the wool to be disposed of the best, we might do so. But there was no end of drudging in the whole of the arrangement. Suffice it that the whole bargain was greatly to our advantage, and that we accepted the stipulations most cheerfully. Mr. Pownal went away in April, and we took possession of his place from that time.

Jesse Perkins had been, my neighbor only a few years, but I had learned to esteem him even above many of the older inhabitants. As a neighbor he was kind and obliging; as a friend he had proved himself true and faithful; and as a man and a Christian he stood above reproach. He was one of the deacons of our church, and in that sense he had seemed to do his duty nearly and faithfully. He had sometimes—and he was not?—and there had been some hard things said about him; but I had never seen any cause in the stories, because I believed the man to be entirely above them.

In the time we commenced work upon Pownal's farm, and I soon found that the deacon was to take the lead. He was the better farmer—as I'd—he was the better farmer—and I gladly resigned it to go ahead. We did the lot of good chips, and stowed it in Pownal's barn. The deacon—pretty two hundred of them—yielded a thousand pounds of wool; and this we put away in one of my empty chambers over the shed. When we harvested the corn and wheat the quantity exceeded our most sanguine expectations; and as I had the most room, and my building were the most convenient for the purpose, we stowed the crops on my premises. When the frosts and the hurricanes had all been and done, we took an account of our produce, and found that we had made a great deal better our contract with Mr. Pownal. Most of the corn and wheat we meant to sell; but the wool we concluded to keep until Pownal came down again.

"There's one thing," said I, "that we must do before the deacon leaves us. We must be owning to compare some accounts, and we begin to talk about our grain. "I have been to look on, 'tisna some of the farmers in town have had ships stolen from their premises."

The deacon said he had not heard of any such thing.

"It's so," I told him. "At least, so I have been informed. And I have thought that we'd better offered a tempting bait to enterprising thieves. Hadn't I better get some stouter locks to my doors?"

Perkins didn't know exactly what answer to make? He asked me if I thought the locks should think of stealing our grain; and yet he was willing to procure the locks if I wished it of them on.

"It would be a hearty log to back off corn and wheat enough to pay for stealing it," he said.

I agreed to that; and yet I reminded him that a man who had the disposition to steal would make pretty good wages if he gained access to our garner. And then I added:

"You forgot the wool. A man could take away a good many dollars' worth of such at a night."

The deacon said he did not think of the wool. On the whole, we had better have the locks put on. He was going to town in a few days, and he would get some good ones.

I think it was the very next day after this that I went up into the loft where the wool was stored to see if everything was right there. It seemed to me that some of the bags looked out of motion; but it did not strike me then that any of them were gone. I just put a few locks loose ones, and opened a window to let a little air in gain them, and then went out. On the following day I went up again, and this time I was startled by noticing that some of the bags were missing. Upon the left hand, by themselves, I had put thirty-three dozens of an extra quality, and of extra weight, and of those thirteen were gone. I asked my boys if they had been into the chamber, and they said they had not. I went over and saw the deacon, and told him what had happened. He went with me into the chamber, and soon assured himself that some of the wool had been removed.

"Who can have done it?"

"Can't be guessing."

"I'll get the locks to-morrow."

And so the following day Perkins went to town, and brought home the locks with him. He put them upon the doors, and then we said that our property would now be safe.

Two days after that I had occasion to go up into the loft, and what was my astonishment at beholding a vacant space where the finest wool had been piled. Not a dozen of it was left. The whole of this extra lot—three-and-thirty dozens—had disappeared. I called my boys up; but they knew nothing of the affair. I made them promise to say nothing of what had happened; and then I went over and saw the deacon. He seemed to be much startled when he heard my statement, and soon was with me to the chamber. It was true.—The wool was gone.

"How is it in the grain chamber?" he asked.

We went to see.

Here was another discovery. One of the wheat boxes had been entirely emptied! Thirty bushels of our best wheat had been carried off! And whither had it gone? We could not imagine. Not the least idea could I form, enlisted in there my light upon the subject; and the deacon professed to be equally at a loss.

"There must be a gang of thieves at work," said they are used to this kind of work."

The deacon agreed that this was right, and accordingly we did so. At the end of a week my reluctant son came down with the news that eight twenty more dozens of our wool were stolen. And how was it with the wheat? another box was empty! The thief, or thieves, must have been at work in the grain chamber at the time we were watching.

I began to be nervous and uneasy. We had already lost grain and wool to the amount of nearly two hundred dollars, and there seemed to be a fair prospect that we should lose more. At this point I resolved to take the work of watching into my own hands. I was satisfied, from what I had seen and heard, that the deacon slept upon too sound a basis. He was not early out this season, having worked hard through the summer, and thought it best to let him rest. I kept my own counsel, saying nothing of my purpose, and went to my watch in the decoys; and on the next night I placed myself where I could watch the door of the wool room.

It was a moonless night, and most of the stars were clouded. It must have been past midnight, and I think I had allowed myself to close my eyes slightly, when I was sunk into a doze—for when I was aroused by a sound near the shed; and on looking out I saw a man at the door of the wool grain chamber—I saw him open the door, and go up. My first impulse was to follow him; but upon second thought I decided not to. He might be a desperate character, and therefore I resolved to call the deacon and others. I had better allow him to bring away some of my property, and thus get him in the decoys; and on the next night I placed myself where I could watch the door of the wool room.

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THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THOUGHTS ON MUSIC FOR YOUNG LADIES.

Many persons who like to enjoy a ballad sung are indifferent to hearing a piece played on the piano. The sentiment—the words of the song—interests them, and that flavors the music, and renders it palatable to a degree it would not otherwise possess. Then, again, hearers in ordinary of music are appalled at the length of piano pieces, and at much of the matter which they contain, being as heathen Greek to them. There are, however, two ways for players on the piano to win converts to the musical finger as well as to the musical throat. It is to learn *to sing*, so to speak, on the instrument, or to play a piece which has distinct melody, capable, as regards phraseology and pitch, of being rendered by the voice, or, in other words, is a transcription from some opera or vocal music. Now it is really more rare to find a player capable of so singing on the instrument, or playing in a singing style, though the notes be few and easily executed mechanically, than to meet with one equal to the extraordinary digital dexterities of the day. The artists who can execute brilliant rainbows of sound arching over all the keys, or give tramping, thundering notes in octaves and chords, are beginning to be many, but how few are there who can take a passionate air from a modern opera, and present it on the piano with kindred emphasis and expression to the great singer at the opera! Even Thalberg played a dramatic air with a certain coldness, and he had been a diligent student of the art of singing. The moral of this is, that every performer on the piano should learn first, to whatever extent her voice permits, the art of phrasing and emphasizing melody; without such a preparation she cannot hope to reach to passionate and intelligent performance on the piano.

The piano in this country has become a household word. The diffusive well-being of the people has enabled a class to possess themselves of comfortable homes and well-furnished houses, who hitherto, in the world's history, have been the ill-fed, half-starved pariahs of the governing orders. An American mechanic of skilled industry, of the better kind, even though he work on wages, may have a parlor better furnished, in some respects, than England's sovereign could in the time of Elizabeth. Among the superior things at his disposal is a piano, that luxury and sweet solace to dreary hours.

There is a vast amount of impudent, vulgar writing for the piano. Of the pieces selected by teachers, about one in fifty has the accuracy and style which should fit it to be played. We have no quarrel with dance music. A good waltz or polka is as rare as a good anything else in musical composition. But music is not addressed only to the heels, or to tickling the ears. It is proffered to the heart and the soul. It should teach the eternal spirit of love underlying religion and immortality. No art—not even poetry—makes in this respect such a grandiose, illimitable, undefinable, extatic appeal to the higher passions and emotions as does music, properly understood and interpreted. To choose the music necessary to this end, great care is necessary. It is natural that professors and amateurs should not be satisfied with mere playing; they yearn to be composers, and so there is much ink shed and paper wasted. But the daubing of a country-inn sign is not farther from a Raphael's Madonna, than the stuff called musical composition, as it teems from the American press, is from the genuine afflatus of lyrical genius. Not only are rhetorical rules violated, but the simplest canons of musical grammar invaded by these blaring impertinences, though set off with an illuminated title-page, occupying one-third the space of the whole thing so gorgeous that the original edition of Shakspeare looks like an old sixpenny almanac in comparison. In language it is possible to have a phrase of two words, and each wrong. For example, to say in place of "those are," "them is," is very common. But it is possible to reduce ignorance to a still lower form by contracting the error thus: "them's." Now musical "them's" abound in fashionable pieces splendidly printed, and the ear of the pupil in the fine house even, and with the fine piano, is corrupted to the same extent.

GARDEN GLORIES.

Autumn is a sumptuous colorist. She has all the tints of the rainbow on her pallette, and she paints her leaves and fruits and flowers with hues which the rarest pigments of Art cannot parallel. Her pencil has already softly touched the woods, and we see here and there among the foliage the faint dawn-flush that heralds their imperial glow. She has made the peach, the pear, the apple and the plum a glory among the branches, and so beautified our gardens that it is a delight to look upon them.

The royal dahlias are sporting their gorgeous crowns in the holiday sunshine, the helianthus hangs his golden disc over the palings, the hollyhocks sway their blossoming sceptres over mobs of crysanthemums and marigolds, white and scarlet poppies nod slumberously among beds of verbenas and groups of four-o'-clocks, and tiger lilies shake their spotted turbans in the breeze. Hither and thither over this pomp of flowers darts the humming-bird, more radiant than they, shedding at once light and music from his quivering wings.

Unfortunately among the gifts bestowed by Fairy Autumn on her floral children, fragrance is not one; yet there must be sweetness in their juices, for the burly, yellow-belted humble-bee and his more exemplary cousin of the hive dive deep and revel long in their cups, and the tiny bird that lives on butterfly fare taps and drinks nectar from them all.

There is a more divine loveliness in this season than in any other of the year. Its skies are fairer, its sunlight softer, its temperature more delicious, its morning and evening twilights more beautiful, its moon and stars more glorious than those of Spring or Summer. Happy are they who can make it their season of recreation. When the sun of July mounts flaring to the zenith, and all life pants under its beams, the city, with its broad shadows and innumerable devices for keeping cool, is preferable, perhaps, to the rural districts; but when Autumn points with vine-wreathed thyrsus to the woods, the gardens, the melon patches and the orchards; when the chestnuts are brown and the grapes are purple, *then* we long to cut the cord that binds us to the desk of our sanctum, and flee away in the direction of her wand.

INCOMBUSTIBLE PETTICOATS.

Crinoline was condemned to banishment from genteel society abroad, because—so it was alleged—the balloonery which the hoops supposted was so liable to catch fire. But a meddlesome, over-officious doctor across the herring pond, has met this objection with the discovery that ladies' skirts "done up" with a starch containing a small quantity of sulphate of soda, are thereby rendered incombustible. This is "important if true." If a lady can be rendered uninflammable at the slight cost of a spoonful or two of Glauber's Salt every washing day, the discovery is a most valuable one, no matter what changes may be made in crinoline. And here be it remarked, in parenthesis, that incombustible skirts would be a "big thing" in the way of speculation. Probably they would pay as well as salamander safes. Possibly better; for, of course, the safety of our wives and daughters, and mothers and grandmothers, is of more consequence than that of bonds and mortgages, treasury notes and bank bills. The dealers in "patent unignitable skirts" would of course have to employ young women in their establishments to exhibit their articles to advantage, as the sewing machine and washing machine patentees do now. The sufficiency of the fire-proof panoply might be demonstrated by applying lighted torches to the employees clothed in it, and, on the same principle that guns are overcharged at the foundries in order to test their capacity to bear the ordinary load, a little camphene might be sprinkled on the garments in order to render the *experimentum crucis* perfectly satisfactory.

If anybody should make a fortune by this hint, the LEDGER will have the double satisfaction of aiding somebody to rise in the world, and at the same time of promoting the safety of the "beauty and fashion" of America.

OUR CLIMATE.

It is a common thing to hear the climate of the latitude in which we live called "horrid." The grumblers complain of the sudden changes of temperature, the midsummer heat, the midwinter cold; in fact, of all the thermometrical arrangements. Very nice sort of gratitude to the Creator, this, for having placed them in the pleasantest parallel of the temperate zone! If the ingrates had the flying carpet of the fairy tale, whither would they choose to be transported? To Australia, perhaps; for we hear very fine stories of the climate of that land of nuggets. Well, the healthiest part of the overgrown island of New Holland is visited every now and then by hot sand winds, that compel the inhabitants to close their doors and windows, under pain of fervid suffocation. So intensely hot are these breezes from the Saharas of the interior, that meat may be cooked on the stones over which they are passing! Then at meal-times there is an unlimited attendance of monstrous green flies, which play the mischief with the food by a means peculiarly their own. A walk on the beach at Melbourne or Port Philip might be pleasant when the sea-wind sets in, but unfortunately the sands swarm with fleas; and a siesta in the piazza might be agreeable, if the crevices of the wood-work were not so full of centipedes! So much for one of the most tolerable of the comparatively winterless regions. The summerless ones, if Dr. Kane's experiences go for anything, are a trifle worse. The climate of the British Isles will do very well for people who are at home in a fog, but for those who love sunlight it is somewhat too much infested with "a pestilent congregation of vapors." In point of fact, there are few healthier spots to be found between the poles and the equator than the little island of Manhattan.

COOKING IN CAMP.

Whoever has read the official statement lately made by the Commissary-General of Subsistence at Washington, must be satisfied that if our soldiers do not receive ample rations of the best quality, their officers, not the government, are to blame. But the best provisions may be rendered unpalatable and indigestible by bad cooking; and there is reason to believe that much of the good beef, bacon, pork, hominy, potatoes and coffee served out in profusion to the volunteers is spoiled in the preparation. The most effectual way to remedy this evil would be to appoint competent men as *army cooks*, and pay them for their services? Why should not the Army have its paid cooks as well as the Navy? We venture to say that the saving in the economization of food, to say nothing of the health and comfort of the men, which would result from the proper management of the military kitchen, would be more than equivalent to the wages of a sufficient number of cooks to ensure to every soldier wholesome and agreeable and nourishing meals. Soyer and his corps of assistants were the good angels of the British army in the Crimea. He furnished them excellent soups made from the ordinary ration meat; and what had been barely eatable when cooked by themselves, became a luxury under his manipulations. If it were not deemed advisable to employ official cooks permanently, the troops should at least be taught, by competent persons hired for that purpose, how to prepare their food to the best advantage.

NOW OR NEVER.

We still hear, occasionally, of the "dullness" of camp life, and the "idleness" that is said to prevail in some of the camps. Idleness, when the country is in such peril as it has never been before! Idleness, when not one man in ten, nor one officer in three, knows anything of the profession of arms beyond the merest routine of holiday parade! Idleness, when every aristocrat on earth, and all the great tribe of snobs in every land, stand mocking at the pretended failure of republican institutions! Idleness, while the taunts of Christendom are tingling our cheeks! If, at such a time as this, the soldiers of the republic can find it in their hearts to be idle, instead of straining every nerve and eagerly employing every hour in becoming proficients in their new and noble vocation, farewell the hope of victory! Every camp must be a scene of activity. The officers must drill and the men must drill. Squads must drill and companies must drill. Regiments and brigades must learn to move in concert. There should be target-shootings and grand reviews, and every possible variety of exercise. Let us hear no more of our idle soldiers. It is NOW OR NEVER with the Union of these States.

LEISURE HOURS.

BY EDWARD EVERETT.

No. Twenty-two.

THE DARK DAY.

There probably never was a military disaster, of which the importance was more unduly magnified, than that of the 21st of July in front of Manassas. After a severe and protracted encounter between the two armies, which, it is admitted, was about to terminate in a drawn battle, if not even in favor of the United States, the Confederates were largely reinforced, a panic arose on the part of the teamsters and civilians following in the train of our forces, the alarm gradually spread to the troops, a retreat commenced, and ended in a general rout. The losses of the enemy in the meantime were equal to our own, he was unable to pursue our flying regiments, and they re-occupied, unmolested, the positions from which (from political reasons, and against the judgment of the Commander-in-Chief,) the premature advance was made. A month has since elapsed; the army of the United States has passed through the terrible ordeal of the return of the three months' men, which began simultaneously with the disaster of the 21st of July, and in spite of the disheartening effect of that disaster, and the confidence it was so well calculated to inspire on the part of the Confederates, our military position is stronger now than it was before the inauspicious event.

Had this occurred in a campaign in Europe, where it is not the custom to cloud the outskirts of an advancing army with a host of curious non-combatants, even if the military retreat had taken place at all, (which, without the civilians' panic, might not have happened,) the account given of the day would probably have been that which Mr. Russell, while ignorant of the disaster behind, gave to the affrighted fugitives whom he encountered toward its close:—"Oh, it's a drawn battle. The troops are re-occupying the position from which they started in the morning." Unhappily the next night's mails were loaded with accounts, not of course intentionally exaggerated, but written under the influence of the same panic which had indefinitely aggravated, if it did not cause, the disaster. From the necessity of the case, the civilians being in the rear of the forces engaged, the disorderly retreat, and finally the panic rout of the forces was all of which they could have been the eye-witnesses, and in their accounts, accordingly, these disastrous events occupy the chief place, to the exclusion of the military operations of the day. These operations extended over a space of several miles, and the commanding officers themselves were unable for some days to make a full and accurate report of them.

During my residence in London, I had several very interesting conversations with the Duke of Wellington on the subject of the battle of Waterloo. One of them took place in the ball-room at Devonshire House, as we stood watching the dancers. He informed me that he had lately received a letter from a person about to write an account of the great battle, asking some information as to its details. "I answered him," said the Duke, "that by comparing and studying the almost innumerable printed descriptions of the battle, English, French and German, a man of sense could acquire a better knowledge of it at the present day than any body, even the commander-in-chief, could get at the time, from personal observation. Suppose any one," he added, "should ask us to-morrow morning to describe the position and movements of all the groups of dancers in this small space before us, we should not be able to report anything beyond what concerned a few of the more prominent personages on the floor. Much less can any individual observation extend to the detailed movements of numerous bodies of men extended over several miles." If such was the modest reserve with which so consummate a chief as Wellington habitually spoke of his personal knowledge of the details of the great event of his life—the memorable engagement fought under his own orders—how little can be expected of the most intelligent and active spectator, who necessarily occupies a post of safe observation, who is borne away in a tumultuous retreat, and writes a hurried report by the next mail!

There is reason to think that, though the United States forces engaged on the 21st of July under almost every conceivable disadvantage—(raw troops to a great extent, whose term of service was expiring, coming under fire for the first time, after a weary march beneath a blazing sun, contending on strange ground with fresh opponents sheltered by field works, that had been in course of construction for weeks) nothing happened beyond the average ill-luck of unsuccessful battles. If such battles, instead of being described from carefully prepared official returns, were habitually narrated in glowing newspaper reports, from the first impressions of civilians who have hovered in the rear of the army, they would, I apprehend, in most cases exhibit similar scenes of panic and disorder.

After the fate of Wagram was decided by the retreat of the Archduke Charles, and Napoleon had retired to rest for the night, he was roused by an alarm, which seemed of the most formidable character. The rear of his victorious army was thrown into confusion. Artillery, baggage-wagons, stragglers, and camp followers fled in disorder toward the Danube. The plain was covered with fugitives, the entrance to the bridges was blocked up with carriages, and many, even after crossing the river, continued their flight, and never halted till they were safe within the walls of Vienna. "The alarm," says Alison, "spread like wildfire from rank to rank; the Guard even was shaken; the victors for a moment doubted the fate of the day. The ranks presented the appearance of a general rout, and yet the whole was occasioned by a single squadron of the Archduke John's cavalry, which had been far advanced toward Wagram, and seeking to regain, as he retired, the road to Presburg, had cut down some French marauders in one of the villages on the east of the field." Such was the effect of panic on the veterans of Napoleon, reposing in his presence after a mighty victory!

Justly does the same historian exclaim, "Experience in every age has demonstrated, that, after the protracted excitement of a great battle, the bravest soldiers become unstrung, and at such a moment the attack of a few fresh troops often produces the most extraordinary results. It is this which has so often chained success to the effort of a reserve in the close of an obstinately disputed day; which made Kellerman's charge at Marengo snatch victory from the grasp of the triumphant Austrians; and the onset of Sir Hussey Vivian's brigade, on the flank of the old guard at Waterloo, overthrow at once the military fabric of the French Empire!"

But it will be said Gen. McDowell's army was not only worsted, it fled in wild disorder from the field. I apprehend most defeated armies do that. The Roman veterans of the army of Pompeius did it, at the battle of Pharsalia, and when those of them who had escaped to the neighboring mountain capitulated the next day, they threw down their arms, and wept as they begged for their lives. A greater than Pompeius was vanquished at Waterloo; but the French writers all but unanimously claim that they had the advantage till the arrival of the Prussian reinforcement at the close of the day. Then, says the English historian of the battle, "the whole French army became one mass of inextricable confusion. The *chaussée* was like the scene of an immense shipwreck, covered with a vast mass of cannon, caissons, carriages, baggage, arms, and articles of every kind. All the efforts of the guard to stem the flight or arrest the progress of the victors were fruitless. They were swept away by the torrent, which streamed in resistless force over the whole plain. Never had such a rout been witnessed in modern war. * * * Before the pursuit ceased, from the inability of the British, through absolute exhaustion to continue it, 150 pieces of Cannon, 350 caissons, and 6,000 prisoners had been captured; and of the vast French army, that morning so brilliant, not two companies were to be found together. * * The Prussians continued the pursuit during the whole night. Seven times the wearied French, ready to drop down, formed bivouacs; seven times they were roused by the dreadful sound of the Prussian trumpet, and obliged to continue their flight without intermission. Such was the fatigue, that the greatest part of the foot soldiers threw away their arms, and the cavalry, utterly dispersing, rode every man for his life across the country. The dejection was universal and extreme. At Gemappe some resistance was attempted, and a brisk fire of musketry was kept up for a few minutes from behind a barricade of overturned cannon and carriages. But a few shots from the Prussian horse artillery soon dispersed the enemy, and the town was taken amidst loud cheers, and with it Napoleon's travelling carriage, private papers, hat, and sword."

Let me remind the reader that this was the panic flight, not of volunteers, who that day heard the roar of hostile cannon for the first time; not of young men *fresh* from their offices, counting-rooms, workshops and farms, but of veterans seamed with the scars of a hundred battles; some of whom had followed the victorious eagles of the greatest of modern commanders from Cairo to Austerlitz.

The English press, with scarce an exception, finds in the recent panic at Bull Run not merely a theme for the bitterest taunts, but the completion of the proof that "the bubble of democracy has burst," as if a drawn battle, or if you please an ignominous rout, suffered by an army of raw volunteers at the commencement of a war, proved anything one way or another, in reference to the comparative stability of different forms of government. What bubble burst when Charles Edward, on the 25th of July, 1745, landed from "a little bark" of eighteen guns (furnished by a private gentleman in France) on the western coast of Scotland, for the conquest of Great Britain, and the overthrow of the House of Brunswick? At the head of a handful of clansmen, of whom half were armed with scythes and bludgeons, the youthful adventurer marched upon the ancient capital of Scotland—an object, one would have thought, to England, in the middle of the last century, not so much of *fear* as of pity. A monarchy consolidated by ages, whose virago queen two centuries before had brought the royal beauty of Scotland to the block—whose armies, under Marlborough, in the preceding generation, had humbled the pride of Louis XIV. in the dust—quailed before an unbreeched rabble of two thousand men from the highlands. Panic fear marched in their van; the royal army blundered up to the North, while the Pretender was hurrying Southward; the gates of Edinburgh flew open, and on the 17th of September, just three weeks after his landing, the heir of the Stuarts was seated on the throne of his ancestors in Holyrood House. "That two thousand men," wrote the Marquis of Tweedale from Whitehall to Lord Milton, who had escaped from Edinburgh, "and these the scum of two or three highland gentlemen, the Camerons, and a few tribes of the Macdonalds, should be able in so short a time to make themselves masters of Edinburgh, is an event which, had it not happened, I should never have believed possible." "THE PANIC," says another letter, "wrought so powerfully on some, and *worse* arguments on others, that the town is now in the hands of the rebels."

What bubble burst, when the forces of the Pretender, a few days later, met the royal army at Preston; the numbers about equal, but the Highlanders without artillery or cavalry, while the Royalists were provided with both—troops that had triumphed under George II. at Dettingen two years before, and had suffered a defeat scarcely less glorious than a triumph in the Spring of this year, at the memorable battle of Fontenoy? At four in the morning the young Pretender roused himself from his pillow of pease straw, beneath the open canopy of heaven, and the fight began; and "in less than five minutes," says the Chevalier de Johnstone, who was in the battle, "we obtained a complete victory, with a terrible carnage on the part of the enemy. It was gained with such rapidity, that in the second line, where I still was by the side of the Prince, we saw no other enemy on the field of battle than those who were lying on the ground, killed and wounded, though we were not more than fifty paces behind our first line, running always as fast as we could to overtake them, and near enough never to lose sight of them." Not a bayonet was wet, nor is it in one battle out of a hundred. Artillerymen and dragoons fled at the approach of the Highlanders, who threw away their guns—those who had guns—and with terrific screams rushed on with the claymore. "All remedies," says Rolt, a royalist, "in every shape were exerted by General Cope and his brother officers, among whom was the Earl of Loudon, (afterwards commander-in-chief in this country,) to regulate the disorder, but in vain. Neither the example nor the entreaty of the officers could animate the dastardly dragoons to return to the charge; the other body of dragoons joined in the flight; they opprobriously fled without wielding their swords, through the town of Preston." A portion of the infantry made a momentary resistance under the brave Col. Gardiner, who, after the flight of the dragoons, dismounted and placed himself at the head of the foot, "where he gloriously perished." Like the noble Lyon, the other day, in Missouri, seeing a detachment of infantry fighting without a leader, he exclaimed, "These brave fellows will be cut to pieces for want of a commander," placed himself in their front, cheered them on, and was soon cut in two with a Highland scythe. Not above 170 of the Royal infantry escaped, all the rest being killed or taken prisoners. Twenty captains, twenty-four lieutenants, twenty-nine ensigns, with all the train of artillery, baggage, tents, colors, and military chest, containing £6,000, a valuable acquisition for the Pretender, who, as he had only two captains and thirty men killed, and eighty-three wounded, made a triumphal entry into Edinburgh, carrying all the wounded prisoners, with the colors and baggage, in procession through the city, guarded by the Highlanders, and attended by all the bagpipes of the rebel army, playing their favorite air, "*the King shall enjoy his own again*."

As for Sir John Cope, the commander-in-chief, who had fought at Dettingen and Fontenoy, he contrived, with the aid of a white rose on his breast, which was the Pretender's badge, to slip through the Highland clans with a few dragoons, and escaping to Edinburgh, dashed through the streets of the city at full gallop. They were refused admission as a pack of cowards, into the castle, by the stout governor, who held it for King George, and "seized with a fresh panic, went off again," says Lord Stanhope, "at full speed towards Coldstream. Even there they did not feel secure, but after a night's rest sought shelter behind the ramparts of Berwick. There they arrived in the most disgraceful disorder, and Sir John Cope was received by his brother officer, Lord Mark Kerr, with the sarcastic compliment, that he believed he was the first general on record who had carried the tidings of his own defeat."

The three generals who commanded the Royal forces, while England lay under the paralyzing influence of a six months' panic, were Sir John Cope, Field Marshal Wade, and General Hawley. Their respective shares, in the military operations, were commemorated by the wits of the day, (*after the danger was past*) in the following couplet:

"Cope could not cope, nor Wade wade through the snow,
Nor Hawley haul his cannon to the foe."

What "bubble burst" when Charles Edward, flushed with success, his little force now swelled to seven thousand, invaded England, besieged and reduced Carlisle, baffled Field Marshal Wade, and reached Derby on his way to London? "It certainly appears to me," says Lord Stanhope in his interesting monograph on the 'Forty-five,' "that the Prince and his soldiers were right in their reluctance to retreat, and that, had they pursued their progress, they would in all probability have suceeded in their object. A loyal writer," (Fielding the great novelist) "who was in London at the time, declares, that when the Highlanders by a most incredible march, got between the Duke of Cumberland's army and the metropolis, *they struck a terror into it, scarcely to be credited*. An immediate rush was made upon the Bank of England, which it is said only escaped bankruptcy by paying in sixpences, to gain time. The shops were shut, public business for the most part suspended, and the restoration of the Stuarts, desired by some, but disliked by many more, was yet *expected by all* as no improbable or distant occurrence. The Duke of Newcastle, the premier, is believed to have hesitated whether he should not embrace the Pretender's cause, and George the Second was said to have packed up his precious effects and sent them to the Royal Yacht, to be ready for a start. The day on which the approach of the rebels to Derby was made known in London was long remembered as the BLACK FRIDAY, and Lord Stanhope sums up the matter with the opinion that if Charles (whose forces never exceeded 8,000, and these miserably armed and clothed, and unprovided with everything requisite for success), had marched onward from Derby, *he would have gained the British* THRONE!*" "It is true," he adds, "I am far from thinking that he would long have held it." This may be or may not be, but one would think that, with the recent memory of events like these, our brethren beyond the water might moderate the scorn with which they comment on the panic of our volunteers, and hesitate before they infer from it that "the bubble of democracy has burst." I say "recent memory," for Charles Edward was born but thirty-six years before Farnham, who was introduced to the Prince of Wales, in Boston, last October, and his wife was living in my time at Florence, where she died in 1824.

* The following description of the army of the Pretender on its arrival at Derby, 7,000 strong, with which Lord Stanhope, the first living English historian, thinks if he had marched straight on London, he might have driven out King George II. and seized his throne, is from the supplement to the Gentleman's Magazine, a loyal publication, for 1755:

"They appeared in general to answer the description which we have all along had of them, viz.: Most of their main body—shabby, I—sy, pitiful-looking fellows, mixed up with old men and boys; dressed in dirty plaids, and as dirty shirts, without breeches, and wore their stockings, made of plaid, not much above half way up their legs, and some without shoes or next to none, and numbers of them so fatigued with their long march, that they really commanded our pity more than our fear."

Boston, 22d August.

DITTO AND ET CETERA.

One of the foreign weeklies, in a playful article, calls attention to the manifold and valuable uses of the half-Greek, half-Latin phrase, "*et cetera*." Now, et cetera, especially when written &c., is certainly the beau ideal of comprehensive brevity. There is no limit to its condensing power, and yet it occupies a mere point in space. But "*ditto*," it seems to us, has as valid a claim to a newspaper puff as &c. In its abbreviated form of "do.," it is quite as short as the Græco-Latin interloper aforesaid, and if less capable of general and indiscriminate application, is certainly more intelligible and precise. *Et cetera* is very, *very* vague. The law holds it in contempt. It would not be worth a pinch of dust in a will or a deed of assignment. But ditto is clear and positive. It is a labor-saving word of incalculable value. What would the book-keeper, the invoice clerk, the auctioneer do without it! They would die of recapitulatory fever. Ditto saves them. Like *et cetera*, it is a naturalized foreigner, being derived from the Italian *detto*—"the same thing"—and not from an Englishman named Ditto, as certain jokers have asseverated, and as many people believe. That it has economised innumerable square leagues of paper, and seas of ink, is of course patent to everybody, and the finger-toil from which it has exempted the whole business world should entitle it to a conspicuous and honorable place in the Lexicon of Commerce. It takes rank, in fact, with $, £, s., d., and other equally popular symbols, and has the advantage of all of them in brevity, inasmuch as it may be, and very generally is, written thus— ". Decidedly, mankind could spare latitudinarian "*et cetera*" with less inconvenience than that exact synonym for whatever goes before it—ditto.

NEW YORK PARKS.

Blessed be the parks of New York. Fifty times a week we say it, as we see the children of the poor creeping from noisome dwellings and narrow alleys to look at the green grass and blue sky, and sit upon the benches and let soul and body breathe in an atmosphere free from natural and moral filth. Ah, of what is that pale weary mother, with vailed eyes, thinking, as she sits with her chin on her palms, while her little stunted, half-grown baby toddles upon the gravel walk, reaching out its hands at the gay trimmings of the little one whose every step must be guarded and watched, lest harm come to its dainty feet? We cannot read her thoughts; but more than likely *her* babyhood was just as carefully tended. More than likely they who tended it never dreamed of such an ending as this. And how carelessly we pass along through these life-tragedies, nor heed the wan looks, or deep-drawn sighs about us. And so we are glad of the New York parks, where poverty may escape, even for a brief hour, the sickening sights and odors which daily surround it.

FANNY FERN.

A TENACIOUS adherence to the rights and liberties transmitted from a wise and virtuous ancestry, public spirit, and a love of one's country, are the support and ornament of a government.

WE always stop the LEDGER at the expiration of the year, or the time for which it is paid, so that if you wish to continue, it it would be well to renew your subscriptions at least one week before the time expires.

DREAMS.

BY MARY FORREST.

Dreams are the ladder of our faith, whose top
Is in the clouds; and down these golden stairs
Roll grand eternal symphonies; and bathed
In floods of glory come the sainted souls
We've missed on earth, to tell us of their watch
And bless us with angelic benison.
But some there are whose souls are so inlaid
With evil thoughts, and so encrusted o'er
With shameful deeds, that they repel the light
Of heaven, and angels flee aghast from man
Demonian. These lie down with tainted lips
And dare to sleep in unshrived, creeping sins.
Dreams are to such a ladder, but its base
Is deep in Erebus; but o'er its top
Are circling noisome vapors, and upon
Its crazy rounds leap mocking imps and all
The myriad shapes of evil. Ah! to such
Dreams are the ladder of a changeless doom.
The dreams of babyhood are fairest. They
Are not a life distinctive, but a pure
And holy echo chiming to the strain
Which sleep divided; quivering to the jar
Of cherub-wings and whispers, and so low
And beautiful the seraphs weave it through
Their harp-strings, and it circles to the arch
Of heaven.
Yet life is no illusion. We
Must battle with the elements and brave
The lions in the way; we must put down
Our wavering feet in earnest upward paths
And fix our eyes upon the Eternal Hills.
The stern Past lingers still—a tablet traced
Too darkly, and the Present which we *dream*
Away shapes silently our Future.

EUDORA;

OR,

THE FALSE PRINCESS.

BY MRS. SOUTHWORTH,

AUTHOR OF "THE HIDDEN HAND," "THE DOOM OF DEVILLE," "ROSE ELMER," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Now father and child have met at last,
Met—as they never had met before;
Between them the spectre of the past
Stands—a barrier for evermore."

Pleased, pained, and perplexed at once, Alma stood transfixed where Elverton had left her.

She had seen her father! her father, whose sudden flight, mysterious wanderings, and unknown fate, had been the great subject of wonder, speculation, and conjecture to her own self, to the family and to the community.

She had seen her father, actually seen him in the flesh, and spoken with him face to face! There in that spot he had stood before her, intercepting the last rays of the setting sun as it sank below the horizon. They had not embraced, or kissed, or even taken each other's hands—they had met as souls may meet on the confines of another world. And now he was gone like a vanished spirit!

She had met her father, and though the shock of that meeting, with its conflicting emotions of great surprise, deep joy, and bitter disappointment, had impressed her senses as forcibly as any actual event could possibly impress any human being, yet now the whole affair seemed to her so like a dream that she almost doubted its reality.

The meeting so sudden and unexpected; the interview so short and unsatisfactory; the consequences so uncertain and alarming; these subjects engrossed her thoughts, absorbed her senses, and riveted her to the spot, so that she did not move until the brushwood near her broke sharply beneath the tread of the intruder whose distant appearance had driven away her father.

Then she started as from sleep, looked up, and flushed with joy, for she thought the new comer would be Norham Montrose.

Alack! he was only old Davy Denny, the head-gardener, returning from one of his occasional inspections of the woods.

The old man cast a curious, anxious, sorrowful glance at his young lady as he touched his hat in passing her.

Alma blushed at meeting that glance, which said, as plainly as eyes could speak:

"Please, Miss Elverton, it is too late for you to be out walking alone in the woods, and if I only dared to speak, I'd up and tell you so."

And the old servant went slowly, sadly, and reluctantly up towards the mansion-house.

Alma felt no disposition to follow his footsteps, but turned and wandered still farther down the slope of the hill into the narrow valley below, where the woods were thickest.

She had nearly reached the foot of the hill, when the figure of a man suddenly crossed her path.

Looking up with a start, she recognized Hollis Elverton.

"My father! back!" she exclaimed.

"Yes, Alma, back; I have not been far from you since we parted. I left you, intending to return to my present retreat. But from the covert of the trees that concealed me I saw old David Denny pass, and saw you, instead of going home, as I expected you to do, and as you should have done, child, turn and ramble down the hill. I then took a shorter path to meet you here, to complete the interview that was interrupted, and under the shadow of the coming night see you safe within the lawn of your own dwelling," said Hollis Elverton, gravely.

"Oh, my dear father! how glad I am that I did not go home. Oh, if you knew how happy it makes me to see you again, even after this short interval, you would indeed love me a little," said his daughter, fervently.

"Peace, girl, peace! No more of that, if you would ever look upon my face again! I have sought you, Alma, with a purpose. Sit down, while I unfold it to you. Sit down, I say, since you cannot stand," said Mr. Elverton, pointing to the trunk of a felled tree that lay across their path, and upon which Alma immediately sank.

Mr. Elverton stood at a short distance, with his arms folded, leaning against an oak.

"You know something of this wholesale poisoning at Allworth Abbey?" he began.

"Oh, yes, sir," answered Alma, shuddering.

"How much do you know?"

"As much as has been made public through the coroner's inquest, no more."

"And that—is nothing—worse than nothing, since it is a tissue of false deductions! What opinion have you formed from the facts elicited by the coroner's inquest?"

"Sir, I cannot form any."

"What do you think of the guilt or innocence of the accused girl, Eudora Leaton?"

"Oh, sir, I dare not think of that at all, the subject is so painful to me——"

"You think her guilty, then?"

"I would to Heaven that I could believe her innocent, for I loved her. Oh, my father, she always looked kindly towards me, and in my loneliness I loved her," said Alma, in a broken voice.

"Believe her innocent, then, for she is so," said Hollis Elverton, with solemn earnestness.

"Oh, my dear father! Is this really true? Is my poor Eudora innocent? Oh, prove that her soul is guiltless of this great crime, and I shall not break my heart—no—not even if she dies for it!" cried Alma, starting up, seizing his hand, and gazing eagerly into his face.

It was the first time their hands had met; and Hollis Elverton shudderingly shook off her grasp, as he answered:

"Yes, it is true."

"Are you sure of it?"

"As sure of it as I can be of anything on earth."

"How do you know it? What do you know of it?"

"I know that Eudora Leaton is innocent, and I know who is guilty."

"Oh, my father! can you prove this? will you prove this?"

"Ah! Alma, moral certainty is not legal evidence! I repeat, I know Eudora Leaton to be innocent, and I know who is guilty; but I have no means as yet to prove the guilt of the one or the innocence of the other. But, Alma, you are the well-wisher of the accused girl?"

"Oh, yes; oh, yes."

"And you will take my word for her innocence?"

"Oh, yes! it is easy to have faith in what we wish to believe."

"Then you must become my agent in doing all that may be done for this most innocent, injured, and unhappy girl."

"Willingly, my father."

"Listen, then:—Although Eudora Leaton is heiress to one of the largest estates in this country, yet, being a minor, and a ward in chancery, I doubt she is without ready money to retain proper counsel for her defence; and her only friend, her affianced husband, Mr. Malcolm Montrose, is, I fear, as poor as herself, having nothing but a small income from his Highland place. And it is highly desirable that she should have the very best counsel to be procured for money; for it is said that the Attorney-General himself will come from London to conduct this very important case. Therefore, Alma, as I have a vital interest in the acquittal of this innocent girl, and the conviction, if possible, of the guilty person, I must intrust you with this money. Take it, and find means to-morrow to place it either in the hands of Malcolm Montrose, or in those of Eudora Leaton; and say to either with whom you may leave it, that it is furnished by a friend who believes in her innocence, and that

ALMA AND HER FATHER.

it is intended to be devoted to her defence," said Hollis Elverton, placing bank notes for a very large amount in Alma's hands.

"I will take it to Miss Leaton herself, dear father; I can do so very well, as no one ever inquires how I spend my days."

"Poor girl! so much greater the need that you should learn to govern yourself, since there is none to govern you. But do my errand to Eudora Leaton. Tell her to keep up her spirits, hope for the best, and trust in God! Tell her that she has her own consciousness of innocence to support her, one unknown friend working for her, and a just Providence watching over her!"

"I will faithfully deliver your message, my father."

"But not as coming from me! Remember, girl, you are never to breathe my name, or hint my existence to anyone whomsoever! All the world but you believe me dead; leave them in that illusion."

"Dear father, pardon me, but the illusion is yours. The world does not believe you dead. There was a report of your death, and an anonymous letter reached us from St. Petersburg announcing the supposed fact; but after the most careful investigation, my mother came to the conclusion that it was some one else of the same or a similar name, and——"

"She was happier for the hope that it might be true, however, as I intended that she should be," said Hollis Elverton, gravely.

Alma did not reply to this strange observation. She could not bear to acknowledge that her mother had been happier for this hope.

"But the *ruse* did not fully succeed, since it did not convince her of my decease; since the death of H. Elverton, the American stranger, who died at St. Petersburg did not pass quite current with her for mine. Nevertheless, she is the better for the hope that, after all, it may have been mine. Leave her to the enjoyment of that saving hope, which must strengthen every year, until it becomes a certainty!"

"Oh, my father," said Alma, bowing her burning face upon her hands, while the tears stole through her fingers, "these cruel words pierce my heart like daggers. You say you loved each other as man and woman seldom love, and that you severed without a fault on either side. Oh, why then, even if you must be parted, why should you wish her to believe you dead—and why should she be happier in that belief? Would *you* be happier if she were dead?"

"I should; for it would be well, Alma."

"And if I, also, were dead?"

"It would be better still, Alma!"

"And if you were?"

"Best of all!"

"Oh, this is fearful! I remember, too, overhearing it said that, when in childhood, I was ill, and in great danger, my mother's mournful face was lighted up as by a wild hope; but that when I recovered and got well, it sank back to its habitual look of dull despair! Oh, this is dreadful! Why is it that the life of each one of us is a curse to the others, or that the death of either would be a blessing to the rest?" cried Alma, wildly.

"Because a living sorrow is far harder to bear than a dead one! because we are each of us a living sorrow to the others," said Hollis Elverton, gloomily.

"Oh! this is terrible! But why is it best that we *all* should die—I in my youth, you and her in your prime of life, prematurely, as though we were not fit to cumber the earth?"

"Because we *are not* fit to cumber the earth—the dust should hide us!" cried Hollis Elverton, with such a sudden change of voice and manner, such a savage energy of tone and gesture, such a fierce gathering of the brows, glare of the eyes, and writhing of the lips, that his daughter, looking up at him, suddenly shrieked aloud, and covered her face with her hands, for she feared she was in the presence of a madman, if not even in the power of a demoniac.

"Alma," he continued, sternly and pitilessly, in despite of her condition, "this horrifies you; yet, though the words should kill you, I repeat them—it is better that we should die, and return to dust!"

"He wishes indeed to kill me when he uses such awful words," thought the shuddering girl, as she shrank more and more into herself, and cowered nearer and nearer to the ground.

"Alma, there is a misfortune so unnatural that it has been forever nameless in all languages; so degrading that it infects with a worse than moral leprosy all connected with it; so fatal, that nothing but the death of the victim can cure it; nothing but the resolution of the body into its original elements, and its resurrection in another form of being, and into another sphere of life can regenerate it! Alma, such a dire misfortune was mine, and hers, and yours!"

"Oh, this is horrible—most horrible! But what is it, then? Give the fatality some name," cried Alma, distractedly.

"I told you it was nameless, but not careless; for death is the certain remedy. Therefore, die, Alma, die!"

"Father, I am called a Christian, though most unworthy of the name; and nothing on earth would induce me to cast away my Maker's gift of life."

"Nor do I mean that, either! For though hoping, longing, praying for our deaths, I would not lay sacrilegious hands on my life, hers, or yours; for murder and suicide are crimes of the deepest dye, and I would not burden my soul with even a venial sin; yet, Alma, die if you can!"

"Oh, Heaven! I do not know what you mean, my father."

"Why, this. If ever you are ill again, do not call in a physician, do not take medicine, do not use any means to keep off the death that may come to you naturally, easily, kindly, as an angel of mercy. Promise me this."

"No, my father, I cannot. For not only does my conscience forbid me to destroy my own life, but it commands me to do all I can to preserve it; and I would no more be guilty of negative than of positive suicide," said Alma, firmly, though mournfully.

"Then life, worse than death, must be on your head! You are warned! But remember you who prize this earthly life so highly, do not deprive your mother of the comfort she finds in the supposition of my death by the remotest hint of my existence," reiterated Hollis Elverton, earnestly.

"Father, you have my promise, and you may rely upon it. But, sir, there is one of whom neither you nor I have yet spoken, one whom we should both consider—one, indeed, who is much to be pitied in his widowed, childless and desolate old age. I mean your aged parent, my grandfather, Lord Elverton. Surely he at least would rejoice to hear that his only son still lives! and if necessary, he would keep your counsel as faithfully as I shall. Will you not communicate with him and comfort his aged heart with the news of your continued life?"

"NEVER!" broke forth Hollis Elverton, in a fury, that again frightened his gentle daughter almost into a swoon. "I have no father; I know nothing of your grandfather! and never, in this world, in Hades, or in Heaven, will I see, speak to, or acknowledge Lord Elverton again! Never! so save me, Heaven, in my utmost strait!"

"Oh, sir, he is your father! do not speak of him so bitterly!" faltered Alma.

"Girl! I told you a few moments since that there were misfortunes so monstrous as to be nameless; so shameful as to be contagious; so fatal as to be cureless except by death! and now I add to that, there are sins so great as to burst asunder all ties of kindred, destroy all the sympathies of humanity, and invalidate all obligations of duty! Ask me no more questions, for I find that you are wiling the very spirit from my bosom! but answer me this: since the fatal night that drove me from my home forever, has that old man ever ventured to cross the threshold of Edenlawn?"

"But once, my father; but once, as I truly believe. I have never seen him there, but I heard that, within a few weeks after your flight and my birth, he came to Edenlawn late one afternoon, and was closeted with my mother in the library for an hour, at the end of which he came out, and without taking any refreshment——"

"Ha! a morsel swallowed in that house must have choked him!" interrupted Elverton.

"Or even looking at his poor little granddaughter——"

"The sight of her must have blasted him, as that of the Medusa's head was said to blast those who dared to look upon it," again burst forth Elverton.

"He hastened from the house, which he has never entered since."

"For he had better walk on red-hot ploughshares than tread the paving-stones of those halls!" exclaimed Elverton, fiercely.

Then, after a few minutes' silence, he inquired:

"What have you heard of him since?"

"Nothing, my father, except this significant fact, that, within one fortnight after his fatal visit, his nut-brown hair turned as white as snow!"

"No doubt, no doubt, but will his scarlet sin ever be so white?—can time or sorrow or repentance bleach that?" muttered Elverton, speaking rather to himself than to his daughter.

Alma did not at once reply; a feeling of deep humiliation kept her silent for awhile, and then a sense of religious duty urged her at last to say:

"I know not of what sin you speak, my father; but this I have—Scripture warrant for believing that, though the sin be 'as scarlet,' it may be made, by repentance, as 'white as snow!'"

"Let him settle it with Heaven, then, as he must ere very long! but as for *me*—let me never see his face again! Come, child, our interview is over. Arise and walk on; I will follow you until I see you in sight of the north gate, and then leave you," said Hollis Elverton, stepping aside to give her the path and then going after her.

They went up the narrow wooded path in silence. When they reached the top of the hill, and came in sight of the north gate, Mr. Elverton paused, and said:

"I need go no farther; hurry home; but meet me here an hour earlier than this to-morrow evening. Good night."

"Good night, my father," said Alma, extending her hands imploringly towards him.

But he shook his head, waved his hand, plunged into the wood, and was soon lost to her view.

She looked wistfully after him for a little while, and then turned slowly, and with downcast eyes, to walk towards the house.

The full moon was shining broadly on her path, when suddenly its light was intercepted.

Alma raised her eyes to see the tall, dark figure of Captain Montrose standing before her, with folded arms, frowning brows, and scornful lips.

We have observed before this that Norham Montrose, in mould of form and cast of features, was the very counterpart of his elder brother, but in every other respect he was as different from him as the night from the day. Malcolm, it may be remembered, was as fair as a Dane, with light hair, blue eyes, and a sanguine complexion; he was also frank, generous, and confiding. Norham, on the contrary, was as dark as a Spaniard, with raven-black hair and burning black eyes; he was, besides, reserved, jealous, and suspicious.

Alma, conscious of these darker traits in his character, fearing their effects upon himself and her, yet loving him despite of danger, shivered with the presentiment of coming evil when she saw him standing before her so silent, still, and stern.

"Norham," she faltered faintly.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Elverton; I hope I have not prematurely interrupted a pleasant *tête-a-tête*," he replied, sarcastically, his black eyes flashing and his proud lip curling.

Alma understood all now. He had seen her father walking with her in the wood, and had mistaken Hollis Elverton for a favored suitor. And Alma, bound by her promise, dared not explain the circumstance, and under such conditions could not hope to re-assure her jealous lover. A consciousness of her false position bowed her fair head upon her bosom, dyed her delicate cheek with blushes, and invested her whole manner with the appearance of conscious guilt. Her heart sank within her bosom, and she could not reply.

He looked at her for a moment in scorn and anger—the fierce scorn and anger of wounded love and jealousy, and then saying—"I will no longer intrude upon your privacy, Miss Elverton; good evening," he lifted his hat, turned upon his heel, and strode away.

"Stay, stay, Norham; do not leave me in a fatal error!" cried Alma, breaking the spell that had bound her faculties, and springing forward.

He paused and looked wistfully towards her for a moment, then strode back to her side, and answered, still very haughtily:

"I beg your pardon, Miss Elverton, if I have wronged you even in my thoughts, but our mutual relations assuredly warrant me in feeling some surprise and displeasure at finding you in these woods, walking with a strange man as you have so often walked with me, and certainly justify me in demanding some explanation of so strange a proceeding on your part."

"And because I have been so indiscreet as to wander here with you, do you really suppose that I could be so faultless as to walk here with another?" said Alma, in a mournful voice.

"I have assuredly very good reason to think so," replied Norham, sarcastically.

"Yes, it is true; by coming here to meet you I have given you good reason for thinking me capable of any degree of indiscretion," said Alma, with sorrowful self-humiliation.

"Miss Elverton, I meant not that, as you know very well; I meant not to reproach you with your innocent rambles with me, your betrothed husband, who would die rather than offer you any offence. 'The good reason' which I have for thinking that you favor others is the evidence of my own senses. I *saw* you, Miss Elverton, walking here in close conversation with a stranger; and your answer appears to me very like a mere evasion of the explanation I must still demand," he said, haughtily, keeping his stern eyes fixed upon her face with the look of a man having authority to arraign her conduct.

What explanation could poor Alma give? How could she answer his doubts? How soothe his jealousy? She dropped her clasped hands, and moaned with distress.

"I wait your answer, Miss Elverton."

Alma wrung her hands and remained silent.

"When I was about to withdraw from your presence you recalled me; if not to volunteer the explanation that I seek, will you be kind enough to say for what other purpose?"

"Oh, Norham, be patient! do not misconceive me! I called you back to say to you that—that——"

"Well?"

"I came to the wood this afternoon in the hope of seeing you and speaking with you after so long an absence."

"And met instead the lover that consoled you during my absence; but of whom perhaps you are tired now—that was very awkward while you were expecting to see me. Pray, Miss Elverton, have you given him also the promise of your hand as soon as you shall be of age and free to bestow it?" sneered the man.

"Oh, Norham! Norham! do not be so unjust to me! The person that I met this afternoon is no lover of mine; quite, quite the contrary! He is one who never could, under any possible circumstances, become one."

"And yet you were in very close confabulation when I first observed you. It really looked to me like an interview between very intimate friends."

"And yet, indeed, I never set eyes on that person in all my life before."

"You never set eyes on him before?" repeated Norham Montrose, in astonishment.

"On my word, on my honor, on my *soul*, no!" replied Alma, with vehement earnestness.

"Who was he, then?" inquired Norham Montrose, as the dark scowl of jealousy vanished from his brow.

Alma hesitated, reflected a moment, and then answered:

"He was an elderly gentleman, not familiar with this part of the country, I believe."

"What was his name?"

"I did not ask his name, of course; and neither do I think that he told me; nay, indeed, I am sure that he did not."

"Or if he did, you have forgotten it, perhaps. But what was he, then?"

"I did not ask him that question either, nor did he volunteer the information."

"But from your own observation, what did you make of him?"

"An elderly gentleman, who seemed to be recently arrived in this neighborhood."

"And that was all?"

Alma bowed.

"Some tourist come to the North for the summer months, and rambling over these hills in search of the picturesque," concluded Norham, in a tone of complete satisfaction.

Alma dropped her head, blushed deeply, and burst into tears of shame.

She had not spoken one word of falsehood, and yet her truthful replies had been so carefully worded as to deceive her lover, and Alma could not endure the thought of deception.

Norham Montrose mistook the cause of her emotion, and quick to repent as he had been to offend, he looked at her sweet, suffering face for a moment, then approached, and dropped gently on his knee before her, and taking her hand, murmured:

"Dear Alma, I cannot bend too low to sue for your forgiveness; I have wronged and offended you by my mad jealousy. I have been unjust, unmanly. I am deeply grieved and mortified to think of it now. Alma, will you pardon me?"

"Dear Norham, I have nothing to pardon in you; but much, very much to thank and love you for. Please rise," she answered, in a gentle voice, as she closed her hand upon his, and tried to lift him up.

"I have been rude and violent to you, my gentle one."

"Only for a few moments, while for months and months you have been kind and loving."

"But I have wounded your delicacy, wrung your heart!"

"Well, when I have received so much good from you, shall I not receive a little necessary evil too? Can I have the rose of Love without its inevitable thorn of Jealousy? Pray rise."

"Gentlest of all gentle girls, I do indeed believe that it would be easier to wound than offend you, and far easier to wrong than to estrange your heart," said Norham, rising to his feet, and pressing her hands to his lips.

"It would indeed be most difficult for you to offend me, and quite impossible to estrange me. For even if you were to cease to love me——"

She paused, and a deep blush overspread her face.

"My own heart must first cease to beat—nay, my own soul to exist, ere I cease to love you, Alma; for my love seems the most immortal element in my immortality! Do you not believe me?" said Norham, fervently.

"Yes, I do. And trust in me also, Norham; nor for *my* sake, for, as I said before, I am willing to take the pain with the joy, but for your own, dear Norham, for it must be so distressing to suspect one that you love. And oh, Norham! consider how little cause you have to doubt me. I am not as other young ladies who have many friends and relatives to love them. I have but you only in the wide, wide world! Did I ever tell you before, Norham, that I never in my life received a caress, a word, or a glance of affection from any human creature until I met you? My very soul seemed perishing in its solitude, when your sympathy and affection came to me as the dew and the sunshine to a fading flower. You loved me and won my love! You gave me new life! Oh, is it likely, is it even possible, that my heart should ever swerve in its allegiance to its life-giver?"

"I will never doubt you again! I was a wretch to have doubted you then! Dear one, I have been so occupied with my own selfish jealousy, that I have not even inquired—How have you been during the months of my long absence?"

"Just as always. Life passes with me in such monotony, that the changes of the weather are all that I know."

"While others, your nearest neighbors, have experienced such fearful vicissitudes of fortune that their daily lives have passed more like the successive acts in some dark tragedy than scenes in a real existence! My uncle's family at Allworth Abbey! Oh, Heaven, Alma! what a fatality was there! The whole family swept from the face of the earth in a few short months!"

"Alas, yes! Oh, Norham, you must know how deeply I sympathize with you in this great sorrow! I should have said so before, but your own personal trouble engaged all my attention."

"My abominable jealousy, you should say;

but let that pass. Alma, I was not as intimate as my brother Malcolm was with my uncle's family; and if they had all gone off in a natural way, by a visitation of Providence, as it is called, I should not have grieved more for them than men usually grieve for uncles, aunts and cousins. But to think that they should have been destroyed by a fiend in the shape of a girl——" said Norham, slandering.

"Ah! to whom do you refer?" inquired Alma.

"To whom, but to that arrant whore they warned us their hearth-stone until she had fit enough to sting them to death? To whom, but to that Indian cobra, Eudora Lenton? Eudora Lenton, a name destined to become notorious with those of Borgia, Brinvilliers and Lafarge!"

"For God's sake cease, Norham!"

"Certain? Yes! Would it were not so! would that there were a rational doubt of it! For if there were I should not be sitting here though the old House should become extinct, it would not die in blood and shame!" said Norham Montrose, bitterly.

"Then why not entertain that hope? There is nothing but circumstantial evidence against Eudora Lenton, and such evidence is proverbially fallacious."

"It cannot be in this case. The evidence is complete, conclusive, convicting! No one can doubt that the letter of her trial will be condemnation to death! And all that I have left to hope is, that the last Lenton of Allerwyth will have the grace to die by her own hand in the prison, rather than become a spectacle to the gaping crowd."

"But, Norham, *I* do not think that she is guilty, and I pray and hope and trust that she may be proved innocent, as the event will do, before her to-be!"

"That is because you cannot conceive infamy. Alma, I have seen Eudora Lenton about seven years. And now, dear Alma, you must leave me, and go home immediately. In my selfish love, I have wronged you in keeping you out so late. And now, to atone for that selfish love, I must tell you something that, in your innocence, you would never find out yourself—something that will effectually arm you against me——"

"There do not tell me at all! For it is in anything innocence could not offend you, I shall be sure it is not worth discovering. And as to the arming me against you, dear Norham, I do not consider you an enemy, and therefore do not wish to be armed."

"Yet, nevertheless, I will arm you with this knowledge of the world, which you may use above, or neglect at your pleasure. Listen, dear Alma. Even those nearest related in the second me are so heterodox to all conventionality, that were they capable they would exclusively compromise your good name, and entailing, Alma, but our full strength of character to marry, as soon as you shall become of age, would only those interveners. But, Alma, not even our heretical will warrant you in marrying one born with me other consent. Alma, I tell you this, that your own welfare should have told you, because, dear one, I would not take the very least advantage of your confidence. Therefore, dear Alma, never in future yield even to my persuasions to meet you out here after sunset. Thus, you see, while my better spirit is in the ascendant, I would warn you from you even against myself!"

"You are the soul of honor! If I had not known it before, I should know it now! Good night," said Alma, in a low voice.

"One more caution in parting, love! It is not usual, even safe, for young ladies to ride with strangers whom they may casually meet in their walks. Therefore, Alma, I must enjoin that the scene of this afternoon may never be repeated, and ensure you to promise me once again to fall into conversation with any stranger whom you may meet in your rambles."

Norham Montrose paused and waited for her answer.

Alma hesitated for a moment, and then replied:

"I promise you, Norham, never to hold conversation with my one in my walks except yourself, or some blood relation of mine, or some old servant of our family. I think that my promise covers the whole ground of objection."

"It does, it does, dear Alma. Good night. Mein me here to-morrow afternoon, somewhat earlier than this—two hours earlier—at about six o'clock. Until then, good-bye, dearest Alma."

And before she could reply, or object to the hour named, he raised her hand to his lips, bowed, and disappeared in the depths of the woods.

She remained for an instant transfixed with consternation at the thought that he had unconsciously appointed for their next interview the very spot and the very hour at which she had intended to meet her father.

Her first impulse was to fly after Norham, tell him back, and name another appointment, but the fear of again arousing his jealous suspicions restrained her. A little reflection convinced her that, though she might defer the meeting, she could not prevent Norham from learning the word to be near her. How to deliver herself from this dilemma, how to avoid the dangers that threatened her, Alma understood not.

If she rendered herself at the appointed time and place she would find herself confronted with her father and her lover.

If she broke her appointment and remained at home, Hollis Everston and Norham Montrose, coming together at the same hour to seek her, would be confronted with each other.

What, in any case, would be the result Alma feared to think.

Full of distress and perplexity, she turned her steps homeward.

She entered the house just as the ball-clock was striking eight.

"Miss Alma, I been seeking for you all over as hours. Mindie, your mammy, desire you come to her direct," said old Madelon, meeting Miss Everston at the foot of the grand stairway.

"My mother! my mother sent for me! Are you very sure of this, Madelon?" inquired Alma, in great surprise, for she had never in her life before been summoned to her mother's presence.

"Yah sosé, make me no sure? Mindie tell me, 'Madelon,' send Miss Alma direct to me as she come in from her walk in de garden,'" said the old woman.

"Very well, Madelon; I will go to my mother directly," replied Alma, as, lost in astonishment, she hurried up the stairs towards the mistress' apartments into which she had never in her life been admitted, and where she had never dared to intrude.

She paused before the door, and knocked softly.

The deep, rich, vibrating voice of the lady made her enter.

Alma opened the door, crossed the enchanted threshold, and stood within the heretofore prohibited quarters.

The room in which she found herself was one of the most lofty and spacious in the mansion. It was the front one of a magnificent suite of apartments, that had been splendidly fitted up for the first reception of Mr. Everston as a bride. It was situated directly over the drawing-room, and had a large bay-window that commanded a view of the terraced lawn and the beautiful lake. But this window was now closed, and the room was lighted up for the night. It was sumptuously furnished. A Turkey carpet of the most brilliant colors covered the floor. The chiffoniers, stands, tables, chairs, and sofa of the finest and most costly kinds of rosewood and gold, giving the *last* touch of peculiarly rich effect. The coverings of the chairs, footstools and sofas were all of crimson satin and gold.

The curtains at the windows were also of crimson satin and gold, with lamp hangings of fine lace. The walls were lined with splendid mirrors, reaching from the ceiling to the floor, and multiplying a hundred-fold the scenery of the room.

The ceiling was painted in fresco, and was richer than hung from the centre of the ceiling.

In the midst of all this glitter of light and glow of color, on a luxurious chair, beside an elegant table, sat a lady, who, under any circumstances, from any position, must at once have riveted the closest attention.

She was apparently about thirty-five years of age, of a tall, lately-proportioned, stately figure, with a queenly form of the rich folds of a crimson velvet robe. Her features were of the purest classic type. Her complexion was of pale, pale, in contrast with her large, dark eyes, jet-black hair, and beautiful, dark, arched brows, that were shining beads upon her marble cheeks.

Such was the lady Alma saw, as that rich, deep, luscious voice which ever thrilled the soul of all who heard it.

Alma approached, and stood before her mother. Little hour had first; she eagerly hoped for some demonstration of affection on the part of the lady. Vain hope!

The lady turned from the table beside her a sealed packet, and holding it in her hand looked at her daughter.

"Alma, I have sent for you to entrust you with a secret—a secret, my hopes and fears to be faithful."

"Yes, mamma, how happy you make me by trusting me! Oh, yes, I would be faithful unto death! Trust me, mamma, and you shall see!" said Alma, fervently.

"I believe you. To come to the point. I have just heard that that unhappy girl has been convicted and consigned to prison. I have the strongest reasons for believing her to be innocent. Indeed, I am sure of it. Your money private reasons, is it not necessary to disclose, that I am about to visit Judge Lenton, judge or jury. But I have the deepest interest in the acquittal of that girl, and in the discovery of the criminal. I am informed, I say that, though a wealthy heiress, Eudora Lenton has consented to receive the services of counsel, which is always very expensive. Therefore, Alma, when you go out riding you will take the close carriage, drive over to the prison, and place this packet in the hands of Eudora. Tell her it is to be used in her defense, and is from one who does not keep a single fact from us as she has herself. But do not tell her from whom it comes. Do you understand me, and the lady, placing the packet in the hands of her daughter.

"Yes, mamma, and I will faithfully do your bidding."

"Go, then."

"Mamma, will you not embrace me for this once in our lives?" pleaded Alma, holding out her arms.

"Go! go! go! go, girl, and leave me. Is she the silly woman to think that I can endure the first visit I permit you to my presence?" exclaimed the lady, excitedly.

"Mamma, I will, I will! I go; good night," said Alma, resignedly, as she withdrew from the splendid presence of her mother's private apartments.

She retired to her own chamber, full of wonder that her parents should be unconsciously so condemned to each other, so entirely estranged, and that she should be the confidant of this unexpected unanimity.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

OTTO, THE MISER.

A LEGEND OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

BY WM. HENRY PECK.

During the close of the last century, a small shop sanchored in the harbor of St. Augustine, and there passed a miserable life. One of these was a sailor of fierce and swarthy visage; the other was a man about fifty, thin and gray-haired, with stern and lowering features. The former child was a little girl scarcely four years old, but even then a child of unusual beauty and rare and mature feature.

The party took possession of a stone mansion which had been unlatched for many years, and which was considered by the natives as haunted from the water.

Their little sloop was consumed by flames, and the sailor disappeared.

The new comers were name as Otto Bagard, of England, and called the child his daughter Isabella. Otto Bagard was known for his gold for his mechanical of Otto the Miser, and his extraordinary love for his daughter's person and conduct, so that his origin and antecedents were a mystery.

After living upon apparently little or nothing for several years, Otto Bagard began to be known as a shrewd and avaricious money-lender, who exacted usurious interest of the existence of the fair-life girl whom he called his daughter, and "a" brat," as the honest sailor, and the latter used the same term in speaking of him.

Isabella Bagard passed since Otto landed in St. Augustine, and few, if any, of the unfortunate debtors of the insatiate old miser had ever seen or heard of the child. Indeed, the old miser's dwelling was the only person besides himself and daughter in the mansion. Otto, by his extortion and by the fortunes had not robbed her of a kind and noble disposition, and the results of numerous mortgages.

Madame La Motte was the teacher and almost mother of Helena.

At the time the fate of his daughter's beauty began to be the boast of the city, Otto resolved that such loveliness should not fail to add to his money-bags, and for that reason scrutinized each worshipping gallant with the same keen consideration which he was wont to bestow upon his money securities; so that Helena suddenly found herself the object of a solicitude as unpleasant and unexpected as it was avaricious.

One evening Otto, upon returning to his house after a short stroll along the quay, was surprised to see Helena hand in hand with a young and handsome seaman, whose distinction of air and dress showed that he was an officer of no mean rank.

"Some new gallant," muttered Otto, as he passed unnoticed upon the pair from behind a ruinous and grass-grown wall.

He went his lone towards the harbor, and instantly noticed an American sloop-of-war riding gracefully at anchor.

"Ho! He comes from that vessel—the Roman! Yes, I am sure of it—young and, at least a sum of money to her captain. 'Tis folly to think that a beauty like hers can be secured by other. Let me consult her officer. I must look more close!"

Thinking thus, he bent his cold and scowling gaze to the ground, and crept to a spot where he could hear his own ears the youthful couple.

Then he heard as follows:

"I love you more than ever Helena, true your father will not favor my suit?"

The tones were deep and manly, though modulated to a lover's persuasive pallos, and Otto heard in his hearing-place as he gasped:

"If he were not at the bottom of the sea, Lucas, I could swear it was James Mercer who spoke to!"

"I am sure of it, dear James," replied Helena, with melancholy emphasis. "My father, although he has passed the prime of my one who will pay him a thousand golden doubloons."

"Ah, Helena, I am poor, and am bound for the sea, my Heaven," cried the officer, "yet have I been recreated and commanded in some of the finest of the land. But you will not consent to my proposition to fly with me?"

"What am I do, dear James? You know that I love you more than my life, and yet you do not know what a fierce and relentless fiend is the father of this girl, and in the direction wing the souls of his poor debtors to agony and despair. You know that the last cries from their lips, though that cries are heard by no human ear. Have we learned to pray?"

"Dear daughter, this one of mine?" muttered Otto, grinding his toothless gums with rage. "Ha! ha! ha! I will see to that!"

"Helena," said the officer, firmly, "we have been betrothed for a year and a day, and you and though, during all that time, I have been absent from you, I have not ceased to love you. you have all confidence in me. Six months ago I left you, intending to return in time to appear on shore, I sent you word by my first officer that I would be absent a year longer. But I would leave the sea forever, and with what I have, and what I can get, we will marry, Virginia. You would not fly with me then, love, if I were to send for you?"

"Yes, dear James," replied Helena, for to the sake of my father, I would consent to do not reproach me for the act, for I do to to save him from destruction. Would you consent to sell our secret force me to wed where I could not love?"

"Thee, on the moon begins to lift, dear Helena, meet me upon the quay below, not a stone's throw from this spot, at the hour of one, midnight. Once on board the Roamer, and we will bid defiance to pursuit, and laugh at you, so, till then, farewell."

"Be strong, love. I must see his arrest," muttered Otto, as he crouched near a heap of stones by which his officer was to pass on his return to the quay.

Otto gained his desire, and almost shrieked as his eyes rested upon the face he had longed to see.

It was a handsome and noble face, full of manly beauty, and Otto Bagard gazed upon it for an instant in terror as it was borne by, carried by a stalwart, handsome middle—the stride of a man of rectitude and resolve.

"It cannot be James Mercer," thought Otto, as he gazed upon the features of the dead, "but it is his living image. Helena called him James Mercer! Such a resemblance could not be accidental. He who died left a son—a child. Yes, he must be sailed upon his last cruise. This officer must be that-en-grown child. Yes, I am sure of it, and he is the very image of his loves Helena. Perhaps it were safer and better to warn him of his danger, and so be rid of Helena, and of him, too, for he will be dangerous to my future operations. But then I shall lose the thousand doubloons promised by the girl's father, and that would be her hand! No; I will win the doubloons, and then I will warn him, and thus obtain the death of that fellow's father failed to attain."

Thinking back into his house, and after an hour of scheming and reflection, Otto at last believes thoughts aloud:

"Yes, the girl must die. I am old, but can win a carbine yet. It is no crime in the eye of the law to destroy the life of a murderer, and a daughter, especially if the slaying be done in the act of rescue. Yes, the girl must perish, and the quay—I may well spare a few dollars to win the love of a beautiful girl, and the opposite cascata rolling on the town for want of such a trifle as gold. Yes, I will do the deed, and shall feel as if slaying the father, when he so much resembles him. I should not have so much up had I Dick Sharkey in my power as I now shall have young James Mercer. Dick Sharkey! For twelve years I have heard nothing of him. I am not sure that his sight we burned the sloop, and fled. But he must have died at sea, else, thinking it good. Good! He cheated himself, and I am glad of it, the same time!"

Otto, unconscious of the malign influence plotting within her plot, awaited the appointed hour with the greatest impatience.

He felt no qualm of conscience in leaving the fate of such a sire, and Madame La Motte's the only person besides himself and daughter in the mansion. Otto, by his extortion and by the fortunes had not robbed her of a kind and noble disposition, and the results of numerous mortgages.

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SOWING AND REAPING.

BY J. F. SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "WHAT WILL THE WORLD SAY?" "MARRIAGE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The poor-house!

The last resort of the unfortunate!

The refuge of the friendless and homeless—Our Poor.

We perfectly recollect that in our boyish days we never could pass the poor-house in our native village without an involuntary shudder. It was both a mystery and a terror to us. We knew that it contained many who at times had equal creatures were whom we occasionally saw, and that it was the home of the paupers. The shadows under the moss-grown archway; for the dark, dismal, cheerless aspect of the building to the order of white friars. By the time, however, it has disappeared—it has ceased to be—and the well-contented modern inhabitants of the present.

At church, too, our eyes would wander from the pulpit to the gallery in which the paupers sat—now after row of withered faces, which, though still young, were blighted. Then, the heads quaintly scrutinized to the gratings of the gallery-roof; their expressions, or, rather, the absence of it, appeared the same—cold, dull, and unintelligible.

The effect was all the more singular from there being no children with them. They had died—died out of the very recesses of the church, out of sight of our family pew.

Those paupers—we shall not gratify our idle curiosity by confessing how many—have passed away, and their recorded impressions, their linger partially with us still, for if the poor-house be a terror to some, it remains a mystery, a romance, an epic yet to be written—in which we delight to dwell from time to time, almost from its ashes. What countless wrecks of passions, feelings, joys, and sorrows, are engendered within its walls! The ghastly dreams of the inmates! Those which brought with worn brains of the inmates of a single night! Those which pass not to the solace's home, could they depict them, would be terrible pictures of suffering, sublimeness, folly, regret, crime, and mortality, of loneliness of loss passed in toiling for others, of self-sacrifice repaid by ingratitude, of kindness thrown away and neglected!

It would be a work of supererogation to describe the famous *Lunatic Superman* of Dante and Milton, which we have seen in the poor-house.

Nor is it worth while to dwell upon the many who have been a common pauper-maxim in the poor-house!

The inmates of the poor-house are the kind of person he had to deal with, and quietly took the journal from his hands.

"You are either deaf, stupid, or impudent," he observed. "This is not an answer to my question."

"I admire your talking of impudence," exclaimed the porter, angrily, and at the same time starting from his seat, which Mr. Pry coolly took.

"Well!" ejaculated the speaker, indignation preventing his uttering more.

"Answer me, fellow!" said the visitor, sternly. "Have you a female pauper named Ann Betts in the house? I demand to be informed officially."

The word "officially" produced the effect intended—it mystified the porter, who, was aware in the conclusion that the speaker was either some very great personage, or one of the most insolent rascals he had ever met with—in his own mind he had not decided which.

"Please, Mr. Keckle," said a tear, hungry-looking boy, "the paper the pauper inmates," it is old Nan, in the nurses' ward, and the woman in a sickin' for."

The porter knew this quite as well as the speaker, but his dignity had been insulted, and he was anxious to show it by calling the boy soundly for his officiousness.

He was obliged to vent him somewhere.

"When you have done busting the hall," observed Mr. Pry, "send the master to me."

"*Send* the master to you?" repeated the man, with the utmost surprise," send him I—I think you said send him to you?"

In the eyes of this functionalism, the master of the poor-house was a great man—a very great one, whom even the guardians treated with respect. They would not have taken the liberty of addressing him, unless upon a board day.

Mr. Pry nodded in the affirmative. Having assumed an air of importance, he was determined to keep it up.

"He don't look much like a gentleman," thought the porter, as he departed, "but I suppose he is one, or he would never be so insolent to me."

No bad commentary on the manners of the time.

"There, boy," said the agent of *Mr. Parti*, throwing him a penny, "there is a reward for the hard blows you received."

The boy departed with delight, and eagerly assured the gentlemen that he did not mind it. He considered it no rudeness to "take more nor that any day for suppose."

Mr. Pry came to the conclusion that he had been over liberal, and, like a prudent man, resolved to be more economical by questioning.

"And so you know Ann Betts?" he observed.

"Yes, sir; she be a long time in the house, but we calls her old Nan."

"Old Nan!"

"I nor bowed here, and it's my belief——"

"Well, my good boy, what is your belief?" while the interesting individual he was pumping for information looked down with a smile, still less when were the articles of his belief, he cut his words short, and, in order to get enough woman he came to see had lost her memory.

"I don't know what you mean, my good lad," opening his eyes very wide, for the word memory was a hard one; "but what the old Nan lost her eyesight."

"Blind!"

"No; it be mortal bad in winter."

"Can she see at all?"

"Don't she?" ejaculated the pauper, with a look of pity for one of his superiors in mind, the only wish you could hear all about a human!—I know when she calls him—he is a cousin' from Ingia with the sailors, and he have no end of the workus, and make a lady on her. But she don't know him, and he don't know about her, so her."

"Can you know the colonel's name?" inquired the gentleman.

The boy stood cogitating his brains for several instants to recollect it.

"Mr. Hopkins—no—Jones!" he muttered.

"Nordicust, perhaps," suggested Mr. Pry, who remembered that Ann Betts was a nurse-maid for a person of that name.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy, "I should think it be it."

The clerk of Mr. Parti no longer required his liberality. He had obtained the worth of his shilling.

The master and porter of the poor-house now made their appearance—the former looking as if he felt greatly annoyed at the fuss the last gay manner he had been sent for. His dignity was wounded, for he was not only a magistrate and an alderman, but had married the niece of a common councilman, and was a grand juror.

"This is very extraordinary conduct, sir," he began, the instant he entered the hall; "something like it I don't understand, and which I hope I was wrong to come. You will explain your meaning, sir, I trust."

The clerk had not been so many years in the poor-house's office without learning a little of his facility to reading character, and he perceived at once that the magistrate-alderman was no lad to deal with—that he must browbeat him, or become him, or else subject self to evil. Had he risen from the chair he had so imperiously taken possession of, or shown the slightest symptom of fear, he was a lost man.

"Ah! you want to know who I am?" he replied. "Of course I do."

"Why does you say so at first?" demanded Mr. Pry.

Bowing from his pocket an old mortgage deed, which fortunately he had with him, he laid the chair with his name on the table, in the face of the master of the poor-house. "There, sir, is my name," he added.

The man was fascinated, puzzled, and looked from the deed into a face that bore the most sinister philosophical expression, and which the embryo philosopher has drawn a broad chalk line. Before we proceed to readers, we doubt not, have tried the experiment.

The master was confused.

The parish official muttered a few words indistinctly.

"Chauncery!"

A light seemed to break suddenly upon the master's mind, and the features of the porter, and evidently subdued him. Chauncery, in the days of George the Third, was a word of fearful import, and he doubted not but the loudest intruder would be subdued by its mention.

"You are aware of our privileges," continued Mr. Pry, assuming his former tone of voice, "and them, probably, in Magna Charta, chapter *Ex Officio*, section 2nd."

The Latin completed his dupe's subjugation.

"Certainly, sir, I am aware of your privileges."

Impudence must be one of them," ejaculated the porter, mentally.

"I will condescend to the ward where Ann Betts is placed," said the wily agent, with a lofty condescension, "and see the woman."

"Directly, sir."

"I am delighted to meet with so intelligent a person," observed the pretended Chauncery messenger.

The master bowed; he had received some salve for his wounded pride.

"Your name, sir, for our ear, in case——a peculiar ear," observed Mr. Pry; "your name be hereby plunged by his sagacity. Keckle," he continued, turning to the cross-fallen officer, the terror of all the pauper boys and the dread of the coastal poor-ward, "do you think you have sufficient intelligence to procure me a hackney coach?"

"I dare say I have," growled the man.

"Do so, then."

"If the master orders me."

"Of course I order you," said his superior.

"Mind you take no number, Keckle," added

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the pretended officer of the High Court of Chancery. "I am very particular in having some one to recollect the number for me."

The taking of the number was almost an unnecessary stroke of policy, a gilding of the gold —brass might have been a more appropriate word, but then it would have destroyed the simile—so completely had the speaker bewildered the prostrate authorities by his lieutenant manner, and the imposing air he gave himself.

On entering the ward, the master and the wily agent found the inmates in a state of considerable excitement. The boy who had been soundly cuffed in the hall by the porter, had given information that the "kernal old Nan Bullen on hall comin down the hingles." The females destined him till he produced the shilling; on seeing that, they were capable of believing anything.

The inmates who beheld the visitor, a little old woman, with a shrewd expression of countenance, advanced to meet him.

It was the person he sought.

She passed within a few feet of Mr. Pry, and seated him in a convenience anxiously.

The gentleman drew forth a memorandum-book, and proceeded to consult it. The only account written in it was a tavern score.

"Your name is Jane Reis, I believe?"

"It is, sir."

"Formerly nurse or servant in the family of Colonel Mordaunt.

"Nurse, sir."

"Is well; you must get yourself ready to accompany me."

"Has he arrived? Has my dear master retired to bed?" exclaimed the old woman, nervously, the tears at the same time trickling down her crooked face. "I am longing to see him. I have prayed for his return—lived for it," she added, "and you would not be so cruel as to trifle with my feelings."

"The officers of the High Court of Chancery never trifle with any one," observed Mr. Pry, with dignified gravity.

"Certainly not," said the master.

"Chancery! that's how; something to do with justice, isn't it?"

The two gentlemen shrugged their shoulders, and regarded each other as if to pity so her ignorance.

"Of course it is."

"I am quite ready to tell all I know," muttered the aged pauper, "and how villains upon my heart long enough, but it wasn't my fault."

"I trust not, my good woman, I trust not," said the disinterested master, with unction.

"My master will believe me," added the woman; "he knows I never deceived him yet. But you haven't answered my question; has he arrived?"

"He has."

Ann Betts clasped her hands in silent thankfulness, and would have fallen, had not one of the female paupers restrained her.

"I am about to take you to see him," added Pry.

The porter now came bustling into the ward to say the coach was ready.

A coach! poor old Nan, as her companions in poverty called her, going about to ride!—how they envied her!

The agent's toilet did not require any great length of time to make—in a very few minutes she was ready.

"Give her your arm, Keeble," said the pretended Chancery official, "and lead her carefully down the staircase."

The cool, authoritative tone in which the order was given subjugated him, and the humiliation of the porter was complete. He, the second authority in the poor-house—the man who wore gold lace upon his hat on Sundays and board days—actually gave his arm to a pauper, as he told it. It was his duty, however, and the copy was filled to overflowing.

Nearly an hour had elapsed after the departure of Mr. Pry and the nurse, before the distended parish officer recovered sufficient composure to resume the pursuit of the mysterious. The advertisement and his prey—for Mr. Pry's, then the fashion army agent's—Mr. fifty pounds reward! A terrible combination fell upon him—he had been bamboozled, robbed!

"Ridiculous!" said his superior, to whom he imparted his suspicions. "The gentleman was every inch a gentleman. *Cheated a Jew*, do you think he would impose upon me?"

The question proved a most unlucky one for the speaker, and saved Mr. Keeble from many a stern proof to after years.

Something very like a doubt began to rise in the mind of the master, although he endeavored to banish his dignity to confess it.

"You are a poor simple creature," he added, "to be led away by such fustics. To satisfy yourself, you had better apply for the promised reward."

"I will, sir."

"Call old Peters—he can keep the door; but mind, if anything should turn up, we divide it, Keeble."

"Certainly, sir."

Never had the porter of Shoreditch poor-house been known to dress himself in so short a time; in less than a quarter of an hour he was in the street, and within the bounds, without and out of breath, at the office of Messrs. Barnard and Bingham, the army agents.

No sooner had he pronounced the name of Ann Betts, than the senior partner invited him into his private room.

"You are in consequence of our advertisement, I presume, sir?"

"Yes, sir."

"And can inform us where the person, whose address we are anxious to discover, can be found?"

"Yes; that is, I could inform you."

"Do you doubt our respectability?" demanded the gentleman. "We are not in the habit of denying our obligations, or legal agent, sir."

"It isn't that, sir," replied the porter; "the fact is, she has been taken away from the house."

"Taken away."

"This morning, by an officer—at least, he said he was an officer from the High Court of Chancery."

A shade of vexation passed over the countenance of Mr. Burns. His first impressions were that his visitor was deceiving him, and it was not till he had described the visit of Mr. Pry to the poor-house, and the production of the civil message, and as his authority, that he began to understand the affair.

"The fellow is an impostor!" he exclaimed.

The hands of Keeble crisped convulsively; he had been not only insulted, but swindled.

"Ann Betts has nothing to do with Chancery or its proceedings. The affair for which we wish to discover her is of a very different character."

"Hang me if I didn't suspect it!" observed his visitor, bitterly; "but the master was so positive. 'I'll find him yet,' he added, 'if he is in London.'"

"Assist us in the affair," said the head of the firm, "and you may rely upon the liberality of our client. The best step you can take," he continued, "is to place yourself unreservedly in our hands. Colonel Mordaunt will shrink at no expense."

"That's the name old Nan was always raving about," exclaimed Keeble, in a tone of vexation, "and we never discovered her. However, sir, I think I can rely upon your word."

"You may."

"I will do so, sir."

"You possess some clue, then?"

The manner of the coach in which they drove away.

Had the speaker added that the pretended Chancery official and directed him to take it, the probabilities are, Mr. Burns would have had his suspicions. As it was, he employed one of the most eminent men in the metropolis—he then quickly discovered the driver, and brought him to the office.

The man's story appeared most probable. He remembered exactly having driven the parties described, but he had set them down in St. Paul's Churchyard, and conceived that they walked in the direction of Doctors' Commons, and thus the trail, to use a sporting phrase, was lost.

We have evidently to deal with a cunning fellow," observed the police officer, "and if he is not baffled yet, and if the agent employed has not surprised him by his cleverness—"

"I only hope he has!" exclaimed Keeble, "that's all; I should like to see him hang for it."

The wish, no doubt, was a natural one, but the gentlemen from Bow-street did not join in it, even when they reward.

Mr. Pry had studied in too experienced a school, and was too accustomed to the world's age, to leave any very palpable clue to his proceedings. He knew that he was safe as to time, but the task required more than ordinary intelligence—a sharp eye—a ready tongue—a bold heart. Love or hate possibly might succeed, and it was a long battle—he who wore on his forehead—

As the Bow-street runner stated, he had directed the hackney-coach to St. Paul's, and disappeared with his companion in the neighborhood of Doctors' Common. This was no mere ruse, for an hour later was that vicinity in the back parlor of his abode in Lambeth-walk, which, as the reader will recollect, might be considered one of the outskirts of London.

The small dark eyes of Ann Betts glanced round the room with curiosity, surprise, confusion and respectable—the mistress of the house exceedingly civil. Still it was not a place of residence as she expected to find her former master, Colonel Mordaunt, and she commenced to doubt.

Is of course it isn't," replied her conductor "neither are you dressed in a fitting manner to attend him, sir. You must have clothes and linen."

"He must be changed, indeed, if he cares about my appearance," observed the woman.

"The evidence of that is, that those who are with him may."

"When am I to see him?"

"To-morrow," answered the deceiver, "meanwhile, make yourself as comfortable as you can; my wife will do what she can to get you a cup of good strong tea will refresh you after your journey."

At the word tea the eyes of the nurse brightened, and she smiled. Still it was not the confidence she expected. [illegible]

"Mind and put plenty of gin in it," whispered she speaker to his better-half, who nodded assent. She understood perfectly what was expected her to act on the occasion.

The effect of the refreshing beverage, dragged as it was by so sparing hand, became very soon apparent—the nurse forgot everything, who, after the third cup, fell into a state of repose, and was carried by the woman of the house up back attic without waking her.

The window of the room was barred; there was a trouble in it, and a strong door without the outside of the door.

"Now is the time to search for," he whispered. "Be careful, and, above all, no violence." He left the room, and Mrs. Pry rejoined her husband in the little parlor.

"Have you found it?" demanded the latter.

"No."

"Impossible!" ejaculated the fellow, in a tone of vexation. "It will be worth a hundred pounds to us, in the very least. Search again."

"Useless," replied his wife; "I examined even her stays, ripped up the hems of her petticoats; in one corner only was there a bit of them."

"And yet she has it; Paris swears he is sure she has it."

"Mr. Paris is not always in the right," observed the woman coolly.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Ayo! there are mountains in the air, and castles in the air of memory, crowding thick upon us.
*Ayo! there are mountains in the air, and castles in the air, and they are all in the air

THE MINSTREL'S HOME.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

The Minstrel's Home? The Minstrel's Home?
Where'er there's human hope or fear—
Beside the cradle with its bud—
Beside the darkling bier—
There is the Minstrel's Home!

II.

The Minstrel's Home? The Minstrel's Home?
Where'er the hand of Labor falls—
Beside the cotter's lowly hearth—
Within the lordly halls—
There is the Minstrel's Home!

III.

The Minstrel's Home? The Minstrel's Home?
Where'er the voice of Freedom cries—
Beside the patriot's flashing sword,
Or where the martyr dies—
There is the Minstrel's Home!

IV.

The Minstrel's Home? The Minstrel's Home?
Where Heaven's blue banner is unfurled—
Within the comet, sun and moon,
And over all the world—
There is the Minstrel's Home!

THE VENGEANCE OF MARION.

BY EMERSON BENNETT.

The scene was a spot of slightly elevated land in the midst of a deep, dark swamp, surrounded by water, and all the approaches to it guarded by quaking bogs and beds of mire, over which none might pass in safety save those familiar with the sinuous course of here and there a stratum of earth. The time was a hot afternoon in midsummer.

In the deep, dark shade of that Carolina swamp, there was as *outre* a military collection as the exhausting war of the Revolution ever produced. There were men and horses of all ages, sizes and colors. A man, six feet three inches in stature—lank, bony and muscular—with long black hair and beard, lay stretched along the ground, his face resting on his arms, and fast asleep. A little distance from the sleeper, a stout fellow, with red hair and sandy whiskers, reclined upon his elbow, conversing with a smooth-faced youth, of small, delicate frame, who was engaged in furbishing his bugle. Groups of men, from experienced veterans down to raw recruits, were scattered about in various positions and attitudes—some examining their weapons, some overhauling and repairing bridles and saddles, some mending their ragged clothes, some cooking, some eating, some telling stories, and some lying at full length upon the ground, either ruminating, dozing or sleeping. There were a few tents and a few sheds, but nobody seemed disposed to occupy them, and scattered about, in every direction, were as many horses as men—some lying down, some dozing on their feet with heads drooping, and some lazily cropping here and there a green blade which had neither been nibbled close nor trodden into the earth. There was as little uniformity in the dress of the men as in their personal appearance—many being ragged, some nearly naked, others with tolerably decent hunting-frocks of different shades of green, and a few with garments that had evidently once belonged to British officers and soldiers. It was, take it all in all, a strange and motley collection of men and horses, numbering some sixty of either kind.

Somewhat apart from all the others, seated on the ground, with his back resting against a tree, and his head occasionally nodding, as if falling asleep unconsciously, was a small, swarthy, shrivelled up man, well verging upon fifty, who looked as if another decennary might reduce him to simply a parchment-bound skeleton. And yet on that weazen face was stamped the true nobility of soul, and with the dark, pinched features animated with some lofty purpose, and the keen, bright eyes sparkling with some glowing thought, you would have felt you were in the presence of no ordinary being. His dress in some respects designated him to be an officer, but gave little idea of his rank, and had the appearance of having been in wear a long time, and seen some very rough usage.

This personage was approached by a rough-looking man, and a slight, delicate girl, with fair face, pretty features, and uncommonly bright eyes.

"Beg pardon, General," said the man, "for disturbing you! but here's a young lady who's got something important to tell you."

The person addressed roused up with a start, and fixed his keen, penetrating eyes upon the fair stranger, who blushed, seemed a little embarrassed, and said quickly:

"It was General Marion I wished to see."

"Well, my child, I am ready to listen to anything you may have to say," was the kind and gentle reply.

"But surely," returned the girl in surprise, "you are not the great General Marion I have so often heard about! whose daring exploits are the terror of British and Tories, and the hope of all true lovers of their country!"

"Well, no, I am not the *great* General Marion, because you see I am a very *little* General Marion," replied the distinguished hero, with a low, pleasant laugh. "But, thanking you for a very pretty compliment, very prettily expressed, I beg leave to assure you I am the person you wish to see."

The girl still looked incredulous, but as one who, not wishing to doubt the statement of a gentleman, could not readily bring her mind to accept as a fact that which was so totally at variance with her preconceived ideas of a man whose exploits had been the wonder alike of friend and foe throughout the length and breadth of the land.

"Better say what you've got to say at once, Miss," suggested her conductor in a whisper, "for the General don't like to be kept waiting, and you won't find any other General Marion than him (God bless him!) if you go the world over."

"You may retire, sergeant!" said Marion. And as the man withdrew, he continued: "Now, my pretty child, you can speak as freely as to your own father."

The girl burst into tears.

"Alas!" she said, "I have no father: he fell in defence of his country."

"Where?"

"At Fort Moultrie."

"His name?"

"Richard Selden."

"I knew him. I was near him when he fell—nearly cut in half by a cannon ball: he never spoke afterward. Poor child! God bless you! what can I do to serve you?"

"Oh, dear, kind sir, I am in great distress!" sobbed the girl; "and I have come to you as my only hope."

"Say on, my child! But stay—methinks you look pale and weary. Are you not tired and faint?—hungry, too, perhaps?"

"I have walked twenty miles to-day, General, and have not tasted food since last evening; but that is nothing, if you can only aid me as I have hoped, for the mind is worse than the body."

"Well, let us attend to the body a little first, my child, and then we will try and see what we can do for the mind," said General Marion, with a kindly smile. "Pompey!"

"Yes, mas'r!" said a big black negro, starting up from beside a tree, a few paces distant, where he had been lying on his back, amusing himself by playing on his thick lips with his fingers.

"Is there anything to eat in camp, Pompey?"

"Lor' bress your soul, yes, mas'r—dar's a largem quanty ob eber so many tings—sweet taters, biled hoss—and—and—considlem chunk o' roast pig."

"Bring some of the roast pig and potatoes, Pompey, and never mind the other," rejoined Marion, with a smile. "You see, Miss Selden, our fare is rather limited in variety—but American soldiers must not be choosers in these troublous times. The best we have, however, you shall have, and long fasting is good seasoning for a poor meal. Sit down on the ground beside me, my child, for I have not even a camp-stool to offer you. Although a general, my accommodations will hardly rival those of Lords Cornwallis and Rawdon—or even the fighting dandy, Colonel Tarleton."

In this like strain he kept on talking, without giving the girl a chance to reply, till the negro brought forward the roast pig and potatoes on a couple of wooden trenchers, when, taking them from his hand, and sending him for fresh water, he urged the girl to eat, declaring he would not hear her story till satisfied she would not faint from hunger. But as soon as he found he could not persuade her to take any more, he said:

"Now, my dear child, you shall tell me your story in your own way; and if there is anything I can do for the daughter of so brave a soldier as Corporal Selden, it shall be done."

"Oh, sir, I am very grateful!" replied the girl, with deep emotion. "You talk so like a true friend, and I have had so few. And then you are the great General Marion, and knew my poor father, and would not deceive me!"

"God knows I would not, my pretty lamb!"

"Well, General," pursued the girl, "I will make my story as brief as I can, for I know your time is valuable, but I shall have to go back a little in the narration. You already know how my father died, but you probably do not know how much he was loved by my mother and his two daughters—my sister and myself—nor how much grief and misery his death brought upon us. My poor mother was never the same woman after he fell, and did not survive only a few months, leaving Clara and myself almost penniless orphans. When all our effects were sold to defray the expense of the sickness and funeral, we found ourselves without a home, and were greatly distressed for the means to live. At this juncture a step-brother of our mother offered us a home in his family, which offer we accepted with gratitude. Alas that I must add, we have had little to be grateful for of late!

"For a time all went on pleasantly; but it unfortunately chanced, at length, that the son of our host—a wild, reckless youth—fell in love with Clara, who is older and handsomer than myself, and soon began to importune her to marry him. Clara did not like the young man, and refused him in as delicate a manner as possible; but he was one of those who would take no denial, and we soon discovered his suit was backed by his parents, who almost idolize and think him perfection. Fearing to lose our home and be turned adrift upon the wide world, Clara next adopted the doubtful policy of procrastination. Thus matters continued till after the British got possession of the country, when the young man at once declared himself a Tory, and persuaded his father to do the same.

"I will not weary you with details, but simply state the principal facts. George Watson—for such is the name of the wretch I am speaking of—soon became the leader of a Tory band, and gloried in a series of wicked exploits—robbing, pillaging, and house-burning, being among the most pardonable of his crimes—all of which, I am pained to say, his parents approved of, considering his acts as worthy zeal in the Royal cause.

"While young Watson was away on one of his wicked expeditions, a planter, by the name of Marshall, living about ten miles distant, called upon the elder Watson on some business, and thus first saw Clara. He soon called again on some further business, and this time managed to exchange a few words with Clara in private, who frankly told him exactly how she was situated. Several interviews followed, but clandestine ones; and ten days ago Clara and myself secretly left our step-uncle's, to meet Mr. Marshall, to whom she was married the same evening.

"I now come to the tragic part of my story. Last night, late in the night, feeling uncommonly restless and uneasy, and the weather being very warm and close, I quietly arose and went out to an arbor in the garden. While I was there, a band of Tories, headed by Watson, suddenly surrounded the house, broke in the door, dragged out poor Clara's husband, and hung him to a tree in front of his own dwelling. They then plundered and set fire to the house, captured a few negroes, and rode off, taking Clara with them. They did not discover my retreat, and so I escaped, to be a witness against them. But, oh, my God! I suffered the agony of a hundred deaths, in being compelled to witness the horrid, horrid work of murder and devastation.

"Before they left, and while the house was on fire, George Watson, with two or three of his followers, who appeared to be officers, came down near where I was concealed; and I heard him say, that to-night, at his father's, he would force Clara to marry him, and then, in conjunction with a detachment of Tarleton's cavalry, he would hunt out and destroy the 'Swamp Fox,' as he termed your excellency, at the same time naming your present quarters, by which I knew where to seek you. As soon as all were gone, I hurried into a wood and remained till daylight, and then set off to find you. I am here now, as you see, and my prayer is that you will save my sister!"

"Poor child!" returned Marion, pityingly, with a tear standing in his eye; "poor child! Are you able to endure the fatigue of guiding us to the house of this villain Watson?" he inquired.

"Oh, yes, if you will furnish me a horse."

"Then a fearful retribution shall speedily overtake the guilty!" rejoined Marion, with compressed lips.

He rose quickly, called an officer, and gave the necessary order for forty men to be in the saddle in the shortest possible time. At the head of these, accompanied by his fair guide, he was soon threading the mazes of the swamp, on his way to take signal vengeance upon evil doers.

And a terrible vengeance it was. While the inhuman marriage ceremony was in the act of taking place between a murderer and the widow of his last victim, the door was burst open, a body of armed men poured into the room, and a scene of horrible slaughter followed. No quarter was given. The bridegroom was cut down among the first, and, in less than ten minutes, fifteen of his twenty companions lay dead beside him, the rest escaping by leaping through the windows. The poor widow was rescued, and, with her sister, was borne away and placed in charge of a stanch Whig family; and before the light of another day, "Marion and his merry men" were back in the dark recesses of their swamp-retreat, ready as ever to sally forth at a minute's notice and strike for liberty and vengeance against the foemen of their beloved country

SNOBS AND SNOBBERIES.

It is funny the number of people reported "out of town" this summer in New York, and who yet may be seen furtively peeping through the closed blinds of their corroded silver-door-plate-looking houses, impatiently biding the time when Fashion will again allow them to use their feet in public without losing caste. Of all the ridiculous absurdities practiced by its devotees, this self-immolation seems to us the crowning folly. If the transparent trick was successful, there might, from their point of view, be some merit in it; but when the ice-man, and the grocer, and butcher-boy call every morning all the same, in sight of the whole neighborhood, for orders, who is deceived? Beside, what is the advantage of being on the top round of any ladder, social or otherwise, if it does not include immunity from the petty barriers with which persons of doubtful position are obliged to hedge themselves in to bolster up their false pretensions. People conscious of a well-defined position, it seems to me, need not trouble their heads about who thinks this, that, or the other. If the world is pleased with your personal arrangements well and good; if *not*—well and good—what matter? For our own part, we chalk down in our memory every summer a list of the sensible notables, who have the moral courage to be seen promenading the city after Fashion closes her blinds and bids the dust collect on her door-steps; and who do not, when they have an errand out, affect a travelling-dress to give the impression that they are only birds of passage, on the way to some woodland retreat.

This simultaneous jumping-over-the-wall, like a flock of sheep, at a certain moment, at a certain day in every year, is irresistibly ludicrous. As we have said, why people, sure of their social position, need do all this violence to their convenience and comfort, as is certainly the case with many, is a most inscrutable mystery. Why every family in New York must needs dine at five or six in the afternoon, throwing biscuit to hungry juniors meanwhile, to assuage the pangs of postponed appetite, is another mystery. Why Mrs. Snidikens cannot regulate the meals of her own household to suit her and their convenience, instead of Mrs. Grundy's, will never be solved in this world I fear. Why she should be ashamed to dine at the wholesome and hungry hour of one or two, instead of the ridiculous and jaded hour of six, I leave to some country debating society, hard up for a topic for discussion. Or why Mrs. Snidikens's ridiculous snobberies should infect the country, banishing dignity, freedom and independence, and producing that remarkable hodge-podge way of living, "which only he who feels it knows," I also submit to the same investigating committee.

FANNY FERN.

OUR LANES AND ALLEYS.

How do the children of the poor live?—we often marvel; with the accumulated filth of weeks upon their skins; with refuse food picked from ash-barrels and grocery-gutters; with the poisoned night air of the terrible sleeping-den they call "home." That they *do* live and thrive too, we see, though soap and water is a stranger to their skins, and a comb to their tangled heads. But then we also reflect, who takes a list of those who fortunately *die?* Not even the luckless parents have time, if they wished to do so, to regret their loss; how much less we, to whom the street seems *always* swarming with bare-footed children of all sorts and sizes. That even *one* from this vast renegade, Lilliputian army, should grow up and out of this diseased physical and moral atmosphere, to become a useful member of society, is matter of unbounded astonishment. Only He who notices the fall of the sparrow, knows how it may be so.

FANNY FERN.

WOULD YOU?

How many of us would accept the gift of life were the offer made us to enter upon it anew, with the memory of our past experience ever present to us! We cannot but think the number would be very small. All that gives spring to exertion is *hope;* that being crushed out of us by disappointments, and failures, and false friends, what were the prolonged agony of a new lease of life worth? All the fresh bloom of life being brushed off by contact with hard daily experience, why re-accept the tasteless fruit? No, better as it is! Better the gradual deadening of the feelings and faculties to our surroundings and to our lot. Better the gradual filming of the eye by the kindly, oblivious touch of old age. Better the weary longing for rest, when the goal is found not worth the striving for. Better the closed ear, when there is so little left worth the hearing.

FANNY FERN.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[All the Questions under this head are actually received by us through the mail. We state this because we learn that many persons have supposed some of them to be *manufactured* for the purpose of adapting the answers to them. They are all genuine, written evidently in good faith, and answered to the best of our ability.]

JULIE.—No, Mademoiselle. We do not answer *all* the questions proposed to us. We do not, for example, answer questions which we are unable to answer. Strange as that may seem to you, it is nevertheless true. Then, we do not answer questions which we have often answered before. Nor do we answer any question designed to draw out a puff of any person, place, or book. Nor any questions the answers to which would give unmerited pain. Nor any questions which do not admit of an answer interesting to persons besides the asker. And we are apt to disregard the letters which contain not a question or two merely, but a catechism. You perceive yourself that of all your list of questions we have answered but one.

PRIVATE.—An able-bodied soldier requires, on an average, thirty-three ounces of solid food every twenty-four hours. Of this quantity, not less than six ounces, and not more than twelve ounces, should be flesh.

ELLA.—It is not impolite *not* to invite a gentleman to call again, every time he goes away; although such a thing soon becomes such a mere form, that it is a matter of little consequence, either way.

ANONYMOUS.—Your problem is by no means a difficult one. Three pounds and three quarters of beef, at three cents and three quarters per pound, come to fourteen cents and one sixteenth.

E. F. W. N.—A child born at sea takes the nationality of its parents.

O. B. H.—This inquirer is a young man who, after having shown a young woman only ordinary civilities, was astonished to receive from her a written declaration of love. Being unversed in the ways of the world, and still less in those of lovely woman, he did not know what to do, and therefore did nothing. He wishes our opinion upon this affair. Our opinion is, that he did perfectly right in not replying to the girl's letter. With regard to her conduct, we can only say what we have said before, that all women who make such advances to men are certainly fools, and probably worse than fools. No matter how ignorant a girl may be, nature has given her an instinctive sense of the folly and immodesty of such conduct. Her dignity and her power as a wife require that she should have been *wooed* before she was won. It is necessary for her always to be able to feel, and for her husband always to be obliged to remember, that he chose her, solicited her, courted and besought her.

UNCERTAINTY.—This correspondent labors under an embarrassment of a peculiar kind. He loves a lady who is half a foot taller than himself. He has to look up to her when he speaks, and she has to stoop when she takes his arm. The question is: Is a disparity of this nature a sufficient cause for him to refrain from proposing to her. We think it is, unless they are both very deeply and permanently attached. There are so many good women in the world, that it is not worth while for a man to make himself and his wife objects of life-long ridicule by uniting himself with a woman he cannot kiss without standing on his tiptoe. To use the language of a New York boy, when he is attacked by a bigger one, "Let him take one of his own size." Everyone should bear in mind that marriage is designed to last a life-time, and that an objection that would be of no consequence for a month, becomes tremendous if it is to last "till death do us part."

PAX VOBISCUM.—The best friend a young man can have is a strict master. You complain that your employer objects to your reading during business hours. He is right. You complain that if he sees you doing nothing, he finds you something to do. He is right. You complain that he looks very sharply at the shelves in the evening to see that the goods are properly put away. He is right. You complain that he forbids your sitting down while you are on duty behind the counter. He is right. Such employers form their clerks into good and successful business men.

STUDENT.—Lovers should not be too exacting. If you do not *confide* in the young lady, you do not truly love her; and if you do not truly love her, you ought not to be engaged to her. Suppose she did choose to walk home with somebody else, not knowing that you were at hand, what is that to make any fuss about? Because a young fellow has the honor to be engaged to a young lady, that is not to say he owns her, and has a right to control her actions.

RUSSET writes as follows: "I am engaged to a lady who acknowledges that she loves me, yet treats me with the most provoking formality; for instance, when we are separated, she signs her letters to me thus: 'Yours respectfully,' &c. What could I do to bring about a different state of things?" The best thing for you to do is to marry the lady as soon as possible. She will then probably lose her "respect" for you—i. e., if you are like the generality of husbands of the present day.

INEZ.—You say your mother is about to marry a second time, and that you do not desire to live at home on that account; also that you have received an offer of marriage from a man whom you do not love. Should you accept that offer to get away from home? Certainly not. Why not live with your guardian, whom you mention? You say you have money in your own right. Do anything honest, rather than "marry for a home" a person you cannot love.

JOCKO.—Yes, most of the letters of the alphabet were formerly used as numerals, although but few of them are now so used. The letter A formerly denoted 500; B, 300; C, 100; D, 500; E, 250; F, 40; G, 400; H, 200; J, 1—J was formerly the same letter as I; K, 250; L, 50; M, 1000; N, 900; O, 11; P, 400; Q, 500; R, 80; S, 7; T, 160; U was the same as V; V, 5; W, not used; X, 10; Y, 150; Z, 2000.

C. K.—You say you are dependent on your relations for support, and that you have received proposals of marriage from an old man whom you cannot love. Shall you accept? Certainly not, unless you would link yourself to certain misery. Marrying for money or position is in any case a despicable thing to do. Why should a young person like you be in a hurry about so serious a matter?

E. B.—If you were betrothed to your lover by others when both were children, and you desire *not* to be held to the engagement, there certainly can be no reason in *this* country why you should be forced to do so. That your lover desires to hold you against your will is only a stronger reason for freeing yourself, as no honorable man would conduct thus.

AGRIPPA.—The use of the word *she*, as applied to the church, is natural enough to those who speak of the church as a "mother." It is merely a sectarian peculiarity. The custom is harmless, and not worth making a fuss about. With regard to speaking of ships and countries as feminine, it is a matter of taste. If you don't like it, don't do it.

UNCERTAINTY.—You say you are in love with a lady older than yourself, and cannot declare your love because you cannot bear the idea of having to "look up to a wife." The fact that you entertain such an idea as that shows that it is impossible you can be "in love" with the lady; so you can dismiss the matter at once.

BOSTON B.—You are not worthy the love of any girl, if you are really in earnest, when you say you wish to "punish her a little" for anything she has done. What is right for *you* is right for *her*—suppose she tries to punish *you* a little? It is a poor rule that won't work both ways.

W. J. T.—It certainly is very wrong for your mother-in-law to bring objectionable men-visitors to your house, after you have expostulated with her on the impropriety of it, and you do perfectly right, under such circumstances, to forbid her your house, for the sake of your young wife, as well as her own.

EMMA.—The word almoner means a distributor of alms. Ancient kings, great nobles and monasteries all maintained almoners, who were usually clergymen of rank. It was the rule of all religious houses to devote one tenth of their revenue to the poor, and it was the office of the almoner to distribute the amount.

EGBERT says he has a very pretty picture of a little child asleep and an angel standing beside it, said angel being represented with a human form and features, and clothed in a green velvet tunic. He wishes to know if such apparel for angels is authorized by the Bible. The engravings in some editions of the Scriptures certainly represent angels clothed in drapery, but whether the text authorizes such representation is a different question. The Bible speaks of angels on their visits to sublunary spheres as appearing in bodily form to, and conversing with, mortals; and even speaks of the eye, ear, arm and hand of God; of his remembering and forgetting; and ascribes to him other attributes applicable in a literal sense only to human beings, and totally at variance with one's idea of divinity and omnipotence. This ascription of human faculties to spiritual beings is termed *anthropomorphism*, and arises from the incapacity of the human mind to form adequate conceptions of spiritual beings, or to find words with which to convey these ideas, except by using terms of analogy with things cognizable by the senses. In regard to representing angels with a human form, and as clothed in human apparel, it would be as supremely impossible to paint an angel without form, as it is to represent anything else and not give to it some shape, however shadowy it may be; and it strikes us that an angel with drapery would look much better than one without any apparel.

AN UNHAPPY INQUIRER.—Why do you make such a pretense of "inquiring for a young friend" when you know very well that the pretense is all a sham? You are the "young lady" who is in such an "unfortunate predicament," &c., &c. Every paragraph of your three-page and long-spun letter shows that you are the *principal* and not the *agent*. Such a want of frankness and courage, and such a tendency to subterfuge as your letter displays, furnish a key to many, if not all, of your troubles. A noted author says that "a girl who *fancies* herself in love takes to a lie as naturally as a rat does to a hole," which is, of course, a very harsh and ungallant declaration, and one that should never have been made; and we are sorry that your letter made us think of it. If you are really in love with the young man, and he is in the same "predicament" towards you, you must wait quietly, patiently and womanly, until you become of age and can govern your own conduct. In the meantime the delay will give time to bring over your parents to your side, or perhaps to show you that they are in the right, or to give you an opportunity to satisfy yourself, at least, beyond all question, that your best happiness can only be secured by marrying the person referred to.

RAILROAD.—"A young lady who comes to a railroad station about half a mile distant from her home, every morning at half-past seven o'clock, to see a young gentleman, with whom she has lately become acquainted, off to the city and bid him good-bye," must be a very warm-hearted, impulsive and indiscreet girl. Such conduct might arise from an unusual degree of simplicity and an unsophisticated innocence and frankness that think no evil; or it might result from a lack of sufficient maidenly modesty to restrain the impulses of a new and deep attachment.

SOUTH STREET.—The various questions concerning the levying of the income tax and other direct taxes will doubtless be settled by the United States authorities in time to give every one an opportunity to read and digest them before the tax-gatherers come round. At present, it would be useless for any one to attempt to give a specific interpretation of the acts touching all the various items. It is pleasant to know that the people are so patriotic as to be ready and willing to pay all needful taxes for the support of the government.

KENTUCKY.—If your wife's love for you and her children will not induce her to refrain from indulging in the intoxicating bowl, we know not what influence *can* restrain her. The strongest passions in woman, and those from which the highest, best and noblest motives and actions flow, are wifely and maternal love; and when these fail, we fear that hope must be abandoned. Is there no serious fault on your side?

EUNICE.—The selection and application of military terms and titles are to a great extent arbitrary. The reason why a lieutenant-general is an officer of higher rank than a major-general, is, because the authorities have so ordered and determined. There is, however, some degree of consistency in the application of the terms, as you would see should you study the organization of armies.

DESDEMONA.—You say you are a young wife of eighteen, and wish to get a divorce that you may follow the theatrical profession. The whole tenor of your letter shows you to be weak and foolish. If you do not desire to make a wreck of yourself for life, stay in the respectable and comfortable home provided for you. You little know the perils which you would so willingly and thoughtlessly encounter.

MINA.—Nothing permanently improves the complexion except good health and cleanliness. There are many substances which, for a short time, may give the skin an unnatural whiteness and softness; but the effect not only soon passes off, but it is apt to leave the skin in a worse condition than it was before. In fact, all cosmetics are vulgar and stupid, the use of which well-bred girls disdain.

E V. writes: "A young lady whom I accompanied on a visit slighted me while there designedly, preferring the society of others, in consequence of which I left her to go home alone. What have you to say about my conduct?" You did a very low and ungentlemanly action. You should have waited upon her home, and then, if you chose, cut her acquaintance.

EMELINE.—We have only to say, in regard to your marrying contrary to the wishes of your parents, that the chances are that you are in the wrong, and that the cases are rare in which such a course is either right or advisable. Try what patient waiting will do, and take good care to be *sure* that you are right before you go ahead.

CANADA.—Vera Cruz is about the last place we should recommend any one to emigrate to. The harbor is not safe in all winds; the town, being surrounded by swamps and sand-hills, is unhealthy; and the government, by no means liberal, is very far from being stable. The place contains about nine thousand inhabitants, and has considerable commerce.

EVA.—Anacreon was one of the most distinguished lyric poets of Greece. He was born at Teos, in Ionia, and attained celebrity as a poet B. C. 530. Five books of his poems are said to have once existed; but only sixty-eight lyrics ascribed to him are now extant, and of these comparatively few are regarded as genuine productions of Anacreon.

G. B. J.—The Apollo Belvedere is a nude statue of Apollo, about seven feet in hight, which was executed by some now unknown artist, as it is supposed during the reign of Nero, and which was found among the ruins of ancient Antium, now Capo d'Anzo, and purchased by Pope Julius II., who placed it in the Belvedere of the Vatican, from which it derives its name.

H. S. E.—The newspaper called The Old Countryman ceased to exist many years ago. It is an almost universal practice of editors to preserve a file of their papers, and we therefore think it probable that a file of the Old Countryman may still be in existence. To ascertain the fact, it would be necessary to make research in this city.

W. W.—The largest of the whale tribe is the Great Northern Rorqual, which measures from 90 to 110 feet in length. The largest specimen on record was 120 feet long, and had at the time of his decease 600 codfish in his stomach, besides several thousands of small fish. This monster was forty feet thick.

HIBERNIA.—Daniel O'Connell cannot properly be said to have been "a man of humble origin." His family was one of the most ancient in Ireland, though not very rich. His father, Morgan O'Connell, possessed a tolerable estate, but it was a rich uncle who sent Daniel to college, and started him in the profession of the law.

P. B.—You ask if it is wrong for two people who love each other to marry, when there is disparity of age involved. No. That question, or any other question of the kind, never comes up to trouble the parties where there is *real love* between them.

S. H.—It is best for you to consult some intelligent physician with regard to your case. Persons who try every remedy that is proposed by those who know nothing about it, will be more likely to create and aggravate disease than to effect a cure.

W.—Congress, with the concurrence of the president has the power to suspend the Habeas Corpus Act, when rebellion or invasion makes such suspension necessary for the public safety.

CURTIS.—We do not think it would be proper for you to make a present to any lady whom you had only met once. It is taking too great a liberty for so short an acquaintance.

SUSPENSE says he is engaged to a flirt, and does not like "her style," and wants to know how to get out of the scrape. Offer to release her from her engagement unless she changes her style, and stick to your resolution.

H. W. T.—The pay of a first lieutenant of engineers in the army of the United States is $120,83 per month; of infantry, $108.50. This includes all the emoluments.

VINCENT.—We know of nothing powerful enough to remove freckles which would not seriously injure the skin, and perhaps affect your health injuriously.

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*